

featuring  
**DICK COLE**

**10¢**

**FALL**



# 4MOST

**M  
O  
S  
T**

**WHAM!**



**Q's  
and  
A's**  
LOOK, LAUGH,  
LEARN

**Vol. 3  
No. 4**





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# 4-Thoughts & Afterthoughts

## The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

Leaf quickly through this issue of 4-MOST. You'll find questions at the foot of some pages. You'll have fun seeing how many of these questions you can answer correctly, and you'll learn a few things from this little game.

The answer to every question is always on the facing page, printed upside down. That's to keep your fun from being spoiled by your accidentally glimpsing the answer before you've had a chance to "work" on the question.

Show these "Q's and A's" to your pals; also to Mother and Dad. They might like to try the questions, too.

4-MOST always tries to bring you something new and better. Have you ever seen anything like these Q's and A's in any other comic?

Write and tell us how you like them. Tell us whether you think the questions are too hard. Or, are they too easy?

## Tie Three Strings Around Your Finger

**String No. 1.** Keep saving waste paper. It is highly important to the winning of the war. And don't slow down, either, on saving tin cans and waste fats.

**String No. 2.** Some Victory Gardens, bravely started in the Spring, are being neglected now. That's no way to win. Keep your garden going, and growing. It will be a real Victory garden if you follow through to complete success.

**String No. 3.** Fight the enemy spies by not telling anyone anything you hear from returning servicemen about where they have been, what they have done, where they are going, or when. Don't give the spies any chance to piece together scraps of information by just not giving out any scraps.

Cordially yours,  
THE EDITORS

## The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I can't say that I like 4-MOST COMICS best of all the comic books on sale today because I have not read them all, but I can say it is the most entertaining of all that I have read. I find that Edison Bell's creations are clever and constructive.

To help with the war effort besides buying War Bonds and Stamps, I have grown a Victory Garden, built identification airplane models, helped in Civilian Defense, joined various clubs, and have been helpful in several home-front activities. I am still being patriotic in some way or another.

4-MOST COMICS "has what it takes" but my favorite is Edison Bell, next is Dick Cole. The others are swell, too.

Sincerely yours,  
Carl Foltz  
Middle River, Md.

*You're very patriotic, Carl, and busy every minute doing your bit on the home front. We're glad 4-MOST COMICS make such a hit with you.*

• • •

Dear Editors:

Dick Cole and Edison Bell are my favorite comic strip heroes. I read 4-MOST COMICS every time I get a chance.

Yours truly,  
Gene Cherches  
Columbia, Mo.

*Thanks for the orchids, Gene.*

• • •

Dear Editors:

I like your comics. My favorite strip is Edison Bell; next The Cadet, and the last one is Dick Cole. When I am sick I always read them over and over. They are so good. My friend reads them, too. His name is Louis Roberti. If he forgets to buy 4-MOST COMICS and I have it, I lend him mine. If I forget to buy 4-MOST COMICS, he lends me his.

Your friend,  
Robert Fink  
Bronx, N. Y.

*Not many readers would agree with you that Dick Cole takes last place, but we are glad you like Edison Bell and The Cadet so much. Sharing magazines is patriotic in these days of paper shortage.*

Dear Editors:

I bought your 4-MOST COMICS at a newsstand and found it interesting. It is now my favorite comic book and I am going to continue buying it regularly.

Sincerely yours,  
Allainee Williford  
Ozark, Alabama

*Get your copy of 4-MOST COMICS early, Allainee, for they don't last long on the newsstand these days.*

• • •

Dear Editors:

American boys certainly are lucky having a comic like the 4-MOST COMICS. All my friends over here agree that it is the best comic they have ever read.

After reading the 4-MOST I became particularly interested in America, and I thought I would like to know more about it. I admire the American people very much and would like to know more about American boys and girls.

Yours sincerely,  
Brian Ellis  
157 Edmund Road  
Sheffield, 2,  
Yorkshire, England

*How pleasant it is to receive a letter of praise that comes all the way from England.*

• • •

Dear Editors:

I get the 4-MOST COMICS every time it is on the newsstand and find it very interesting and enjoyable. My favorites are Dick Cole, Kit Carter and The Cadet. This is my choice because I have a brother in the Army overseas who always wanted to go to military school.

I will always be a 4-MOST COMIC reader because they are so enjoyable and educational that Mother does not object to my getting the 4-MOST COMICS. My brother and sister enjoy it, too. Mother even reads it.

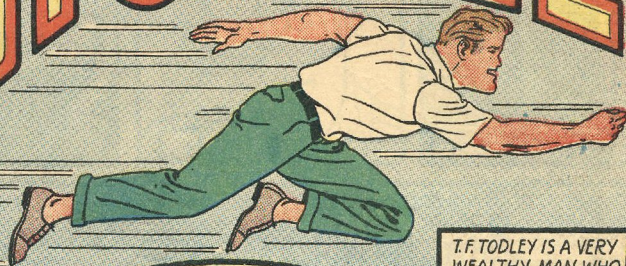
A Reader,  
Richard Yearout  
Rutledge, Tenn.

*Seems as if your whole family enjoys 4-MOST, Richard. Glad to hear it!*

Address Your Mail to 4-MOST COMICS, 111 West 19th Street, New York 11, New York



# DICK COLE



JIM WILCOX-

WHEN DICK COLE RETURNS TO FARR MILITARY ACADEMY FROM TENNESSEE, MAJOR FARR INFORMS HIM THAT HE IS TO BE THE GUEST, FOR THREE WEEKS, OF T.F. TODLEY, LITTLE-KNOWN MILLIONAIRE, ON TODLEY'S ISLAND, IN THE CARIBBEAN..... HERE DICK IS TO BE THE COMPANION OF TODLEY'S SON, TED, WHO IS TO ENTER FARR M.A. IN THE FALL... ALL EXPENSES OF THE TRIP ARE TO BE PAID BY TODLEY... AND DICK IS TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY FOR COAST CITY.....

T.F. TODLEY IS A VERY WEALTHY MAN WHO SHUNS PUBLICITY. HIS ISLAND IS LOVELY, AND I'M SURE YOU'LL HAVE A GRAND TIME. YOU LEAVE IN THE MORNING, RICHARD.

GEE?... THANK YOU, SIR! THIS WILL BE GREAT FUN!

YAS-SUH. WE'S ON TIME 'N WE'LL BE IN COAST CITY IN JES' TEN MINUTES.

36 HOURS LATER-

FINE!

COAST CITY. PARDON ME. ARE YOU DICK COLE OF FARR M.A.?

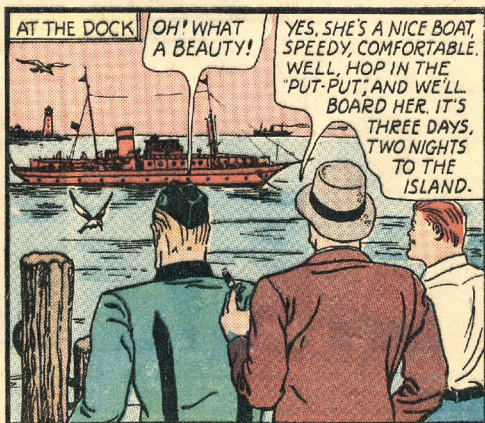
YES, I AM. AND YOU...?

Editor and General Manager—ROBERT D. WHEELER

Associate Editor—JANE SPAULDING NYE

4MOST, Vol. 3, No. 4, Fall, 1944, published quarterly by Novelty Press Division of The Premium Service Co., Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 111 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright, 1944, by The Premium Service Co., Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price 75c per year in U. S. A. Entered as Second Class matter, November 4, 1941, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.

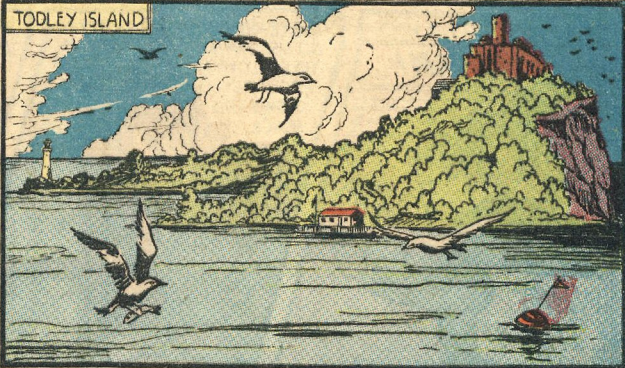






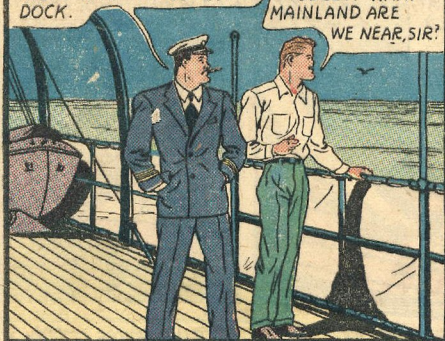
DURING THE VOYAGE, DICK TRIED SEVERAL TIMES TO INDUCE TED TO CONFIDE IN HIM, HOPING HE COULD ALLAY TED'S FEARS... BUT THE FRIGHTENED BOY REFUSED TO TALK, SO DICK FINALLY DESISTED..... LATE IN THE AFTERNOON OF THE THIRD DAY, THE YACHT APPROACHES TODLEY ISLAND...

TODLEY ISLAND



THERE, MR. COLE, IS THE ISLAND AND TODLEY CASTLE. WE GO RIGHT INTO THE COVE AND DOCK.

GOSH! IT'S BEAUTIFUL, MR. TODLEY! WHAT MAINLAND ARE WE NEAR, SIR?



WHY... WE'RE JUST A FEW HOURS RUN FROM THE CANAL ZONE. WHY?

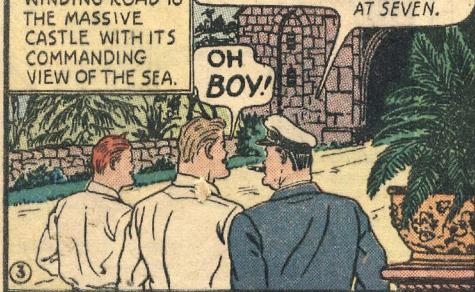
JUST CURIOUS, SIR



THE YACHT DOCKS, AND THE PARTY PROCEEDS BY AUTO UP A LOVELY WINDING ROAD TO THE MASSIVE CASTLE WITH ITS COMMANDING VIEW OF THE SEA.

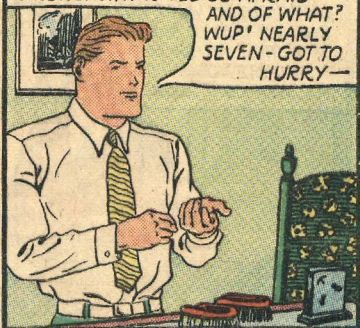
SO YOU LIKE IT, MR. COLE! WELL, YOU CAN SWIM, FISH AND BOAT TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT. AND NOW, LET'S GO IN AND GET YOU SETTLED. DINNER IS AT SEVEN.

OH BOY!



LATER, ALONE IN HIS ROOM.

THIS IS LIKE A DREAM, BUT!.. SOMETHING'S WRONG. WHY IS TED SO AFRAID? AND OF WHAT? WUP! NEARLY SEVEN - GOT TO HURRY—





DICK STEPS INTO THE HALL-

**WHAM!**

**WHAT  
THA-!?**

**THERE-HE'S GONE!**  
NO USE TRYING  
TO FOLLOW. HE  
PROBABLY  
KNOWS THIS  
PLACE.

**CLATTER-  
CLATTER-  
SLAM!**

**NICE PLAYTHING! WHAT  
IS THE IDEA? WELL, I'LL  
NOT MENTION IT. BUT I'LL  
KEEP MY EYES PEELED!**

**THAT NIGHT A REPORT IS MADE.**

**BOSS, HE DIDN'T SCARE  
WORTH A HOOT. WHY,  
HE STARTED AFTER  
ME!**

**GOOD!  
I THINK  
HE'LL DO.**

**NEXT DAY**

**DICK, WHAT  
HAPPENED  
BEFORE  
DINNER  
LAST NIGHT?  
I HEARD  
A CRASH.**

**OH, SOMEBODY THREW AN  
IRON VASE AT ME.  
MISSED.... TED -  
CAN'T YOU TELL  
ME ..... NOW,  
WHAT'S UP?**

**LET ME CHECK ON SOMETHING  
FIRST..... COME TO  
MY ROOM-IT'S NEXT TO  
YOUR5- LATE TO NIGHT,  
AND I'M SURE  
I'LL TELL  
YOU EVERY-  
THING.**

**THAT NIGHT AT DINNER.**

**MR COLE, I THINK  
YOU SHOULD KNOW  
STRANGE THINGS ARE HAPPENING. JUST  
PRIOR TO YOUR ARRIVAL MY CHEF DISAPPEARED.  
LAST NIGHT MY VALET WAS BADLY BEATEN-AND  
NOW THE BUTLER HAS VANISHED.  
I FEEL THAT YOU SHOULD  
TERMINATE YOUR VISIT  
FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.**

**IF YOU DON'T MIND,  
I'D LIKE TO STAY  
AND HELP SOLVE  
THE MYSTERY, SIR.**

**H-M-M. YOU'RE DETER-  
MINED I SEE... GOOD  
BOY! EXCUSE ME A  
MOMENT, PLEASE-**



HERE, MY BOY, IS A CANE  
THAT IS EITHER A FINE  
CUDGEL OR—



A SWORD! DO YOU FENCE?



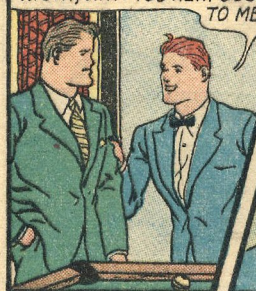
YES, SIR.  
I DO!

I TRUST YOU'LL HAVE NO NEED  
FOR THIS, BUT—IF ATTACKED,  
DON'T HESITATE TO USE IT! NOW,  
EXCUSE ME  
AGAIN?

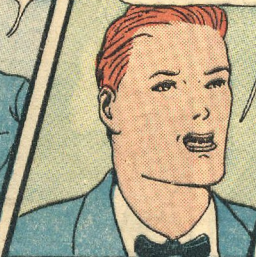


TED TAKES DICK TO THE BILLIARD  
ROOM.

I'M GLAD YOU'RE  
STAYING, DICK. I'LL SLEEP AT  
NIGHT, WITH YOU NEXT DOOR  
TO ME.

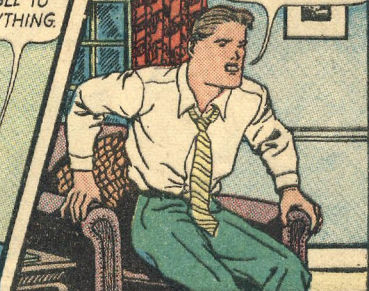


ABOUT TEN TO-NIGHT, AFTER  
I'VE CHECKED ON—**SOME-  
THING**, I'LL SIGNAL. YOU  
COME TO MY ROOM AND  
I'M SURE I'LL BE ABLE TO  
TELL YOU EVERYTHING.

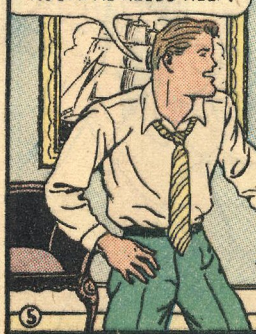


10 P.M.

GOSH! I MUST  
HAVE DOZED OFF.  
WONDER IF —  
**WHAT'S THAT!**



SOUNDS LIKE THAT'S  
COMING FROM TED'S  
ROOM! HE NEEDS HELP!

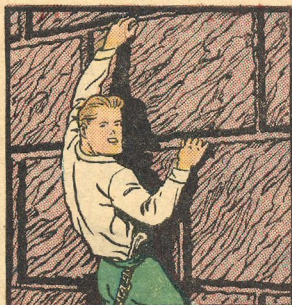


SWUSH—  
GROAN—  
HELP—BLUG!  
THUD!  
RUSTLE—

UCK-O! SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY LAYIN'  
FOR ME! I'LL USE THE WINDOW—







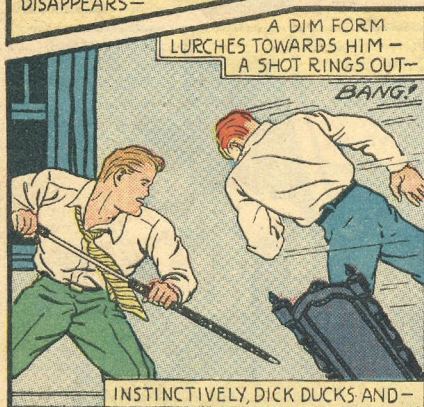
AS DICK EDGES ALONG, A HEAD PEERS DOWN FROM A WINDOW ABOVE HIM, THEN DISAPPEARS—



(WHISPER) TED... TED... THAT YOU, TED? YOU OKAY?



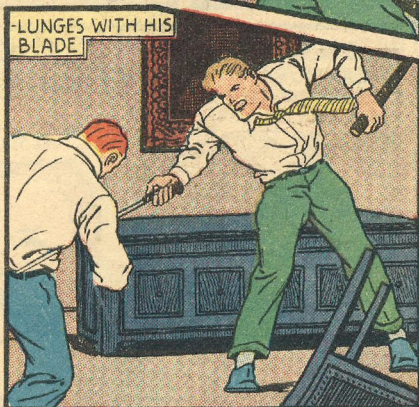
THAT'S FUNNY. I'M SURE I HEARD—



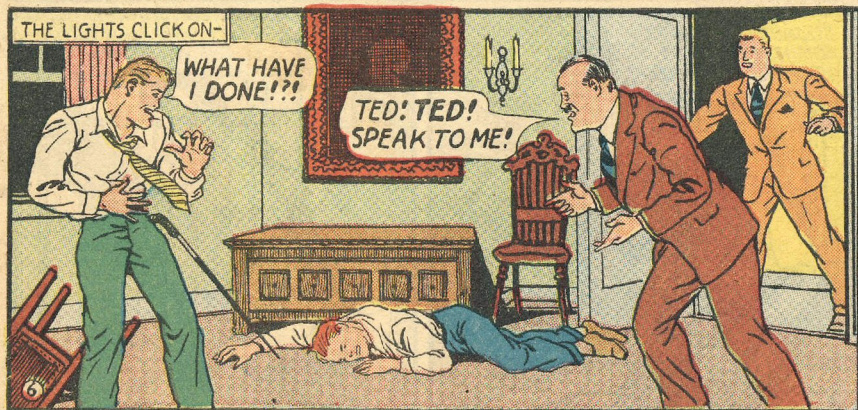
A DIM FORM LURCHES TOWARDS HIM — A SHOT RINGS OUT—

BANG!

INSTINCTIVELY, DICK DUCKS AND—



—LUNGES WITH HIS BLADE



THE LIGHTS CLICK-ON—

WHAT HAVE I DONE??!

TED! TED! SPEAK TO ME!



WITH AN ANGUISHED CRY TODLEY SWINGS ON HIS STUPEFIED GUEST.

**MURDERER! YOU KILLED TED!**



SOMETIME LATER, DICK COMES TO—

WAH! MY JAW! BOY! MY HEAD  
ACHES! WHERE AM I?  
WHAT HAP— OH!!

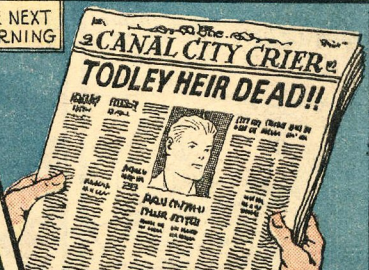


OH, NOW—I—  
REMEMBER!  
I—TED! OH,  
THIS IS .....  
TERRIBLE!!  
AWFUL!!  
WHAT CAN I  
DO? OH, I—I  
DON'T KNOW—  
I DON'T CARE  
WHAT HAPPENS  
NOW!



FINALLY, EMOTIONALLY EXHAUSTED, DICK  
FALLS INTO A TROUBLED SLEEP.

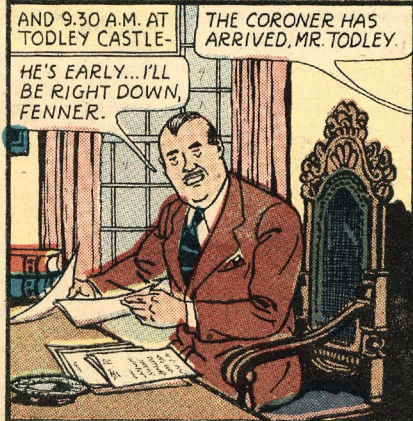
THE NEXT  
MORNING



AND 9.30 A.M. AT  
TODLEY CASTLE—

HE'S EARLY...I'LL  
BE RIGHT DOWN,  
FENNER.

THE CORONER HAS  
ARRIVED, MR. TODLEY.



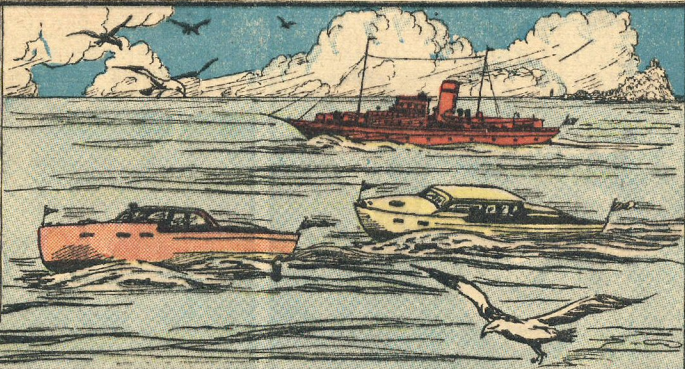
11 A.M. AT  
TODLEY  
CASTLE—

MR. HARTZOG, THE UNDER-  
TAKER? AH, A SAD DAY FOR  
THE HOUSE OF TODLEY!....  
COME THIS WAY, SIR, HE—  
HE'S IN—THERE.



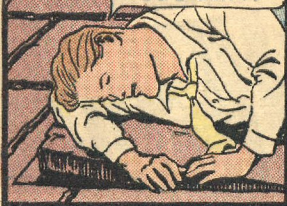


AND THAT AFTERNOON A SMALL FLEET LEAVES THE ISLAND; TWO CRUISERS AND THE TODLEY YACHT BEARING THE COFFIN OF YOUNG TED TODLEY TO CANAL CITY- AND INTER- MENT ~~~~



WE RETURN TO DICK. IT IS JUST A SHORT TIME BEFORE THE CORONER ARRIVES ON THE ISLAND.... SOMETHING DISTURBS HIS UNEASY SLEEP.

Z-Z-Z-ZP.. AW' RIGHT, SIMBA-AH-Z-Z-ZURP! BLA- MAJOR BL-Z FARR... GRZP-TED! Z-Z-Z-Z- DON'T!



HE AWAKES ABRUPTLY TO GOOD GRIEF! THE FLOOR! EARTHQUAKE!



HOLY CATS! A GHOST!!



SH-H-H! I'M NO GHOST! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, DICK! IT TOOK ME SOME TIME TO FIND YOU....

WHEW! SO YOU AREN'T DEAD! OH, BOY! BUT-I, I DON'T GET IT! HOW-?



I'LL EXPLAIN. EVERY NIGHT, AT BED TIME, I EAT TOMATOES. LAST NIGHT, WITH ONE IN MY HAND, I WAS STARTING TO SEE YOU WHEN THERE WAS A DISTURBANCE OUTSIDE MY DOOR... THEN, AS YOU CAME IN MY WINDOW, I WAS SEIZED...CHOKED.. A SHOT! YOU DREW, AND I WAS SHOVED AT YOU!.....

YOU LUNGED-MISSED! I SLIPPED-FELL-AND KNOCKED MYSELF OUT... I CAME TO IN AN OLD VEG-ETABLE BIN. MY SHIRT WAS ALL "BLOODY." IT WASN'T BLOOD-



IT WAS THE TOMATO, SQUASHED AGAINST ME WHEN I FELL... THEY PROBABLY THOUGHT ME DEAD... NOW, I'LL GET YOU SOME FOOD AND WATER. STAY PUT... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.





TWO HOURS PASS AND DICK IS WORRIED. WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO TED?!! HE HAS JUST ABOUT DECIDED TO TRY THE SECRET PASSAGES WHEN THE TRAP-DOOR BEGINS TO RISE —



DICK DARTS BEHIND THE RISING TRAP



I HOPE YOU'RE ASLEEP, MINE FRIEND. THEN THERE WILL BE NO FUSS!



HI, HEEL!

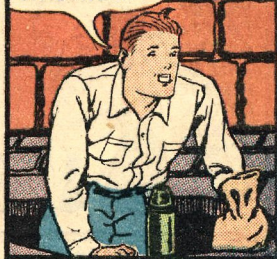
POC!

PLACK!

HE'S OUT, COLD! SA-AY! WHAT IS GOING ON AROUND — WHUP! I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!



FOR PETE'S SAKE! PUT THAT KNIFE DOWN! HEY! WHERE'D HE COME FROM?



YEAH, THAT'S ONE OF THEM. THE OTHERS ARE GETTING READY TO TAKE THE BODY TO CANAL CITY FOR BURIAL... OH, HERE'S YOUR FOOD.



OTHERS? BODY? WHAT BODY? BURIAL? TED TODLEY YOU TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT BEFORE I GO NUTZ!

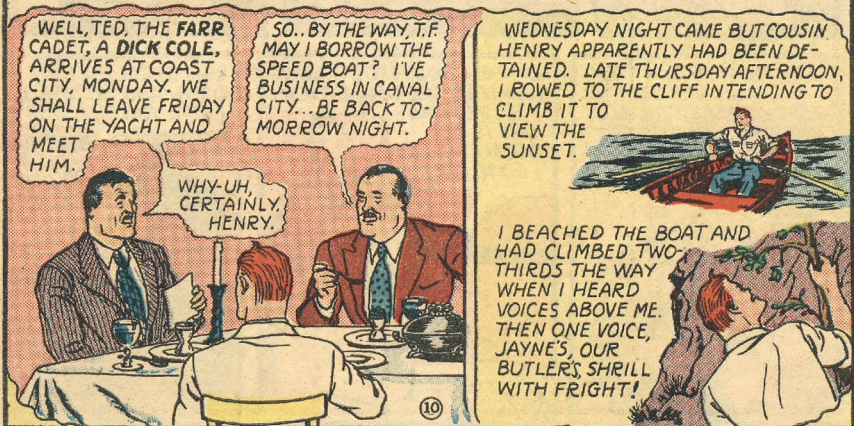
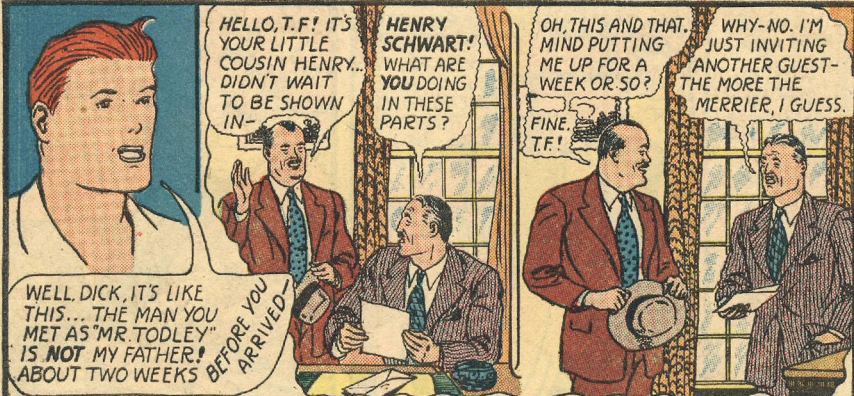


WHY, OF COURSE! SIT DOWN AND EAT WHILE I GIVE YOU THE STORY—



There are none. The birds are sea gulls. Notice the shape of the wings.





VICTORY GARDENS WILL HELP TO WIN  
SO COME ON, GANG, LET'S ALL DIG IN.



TED'S STORY,  
CONTINUED

WHAT'S THE MEAN-  
ING OF THIS? LET  
ME GO! LET ME GO!  
A-A-OOW!

THUD!

HIS BODY HURTLIED DOWN

HELP!

AND A MAN PEERED  
OVER

THERE'S  
THE BRAT!  
GET  
HIM!!

HIS CRY....  
STARTLED ME  
FROM MY  
STUPOR.... I  
SCRAMBLED  
DOWN THE  
CLIFF TO A  
HIDDEN PATH  
AND RACED  
WILDLY TO  
THE CASTLE  
AND TO MY  
FATHER'S DEN-

OH, NO YOU DON'T!

AHG

BANG!

HE TURNED →

YOU  
LIE! I SAW WHAT  
HAPPENED TO—  
O-OH!

OH! SO, IT'S  
YOU!  
COME HERE!

—WHERE—

MAX!  
CUT THE PHONE  
WIRES AND DIS-  
MANTLE THE  
SENDING SET.  
THE CREW AND  
SERVANTS  
ARE TAKEN  
CARE OF?

YES, BOSS.  
THE BUTLER  
HAD AN  
ACCIDENT-

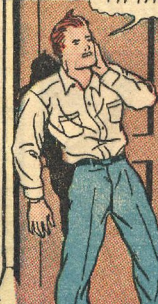


ZIP!

O-AW!

WHEN I  
CAME TO

WHERE-IS-IS  
MY FATHER?



T.F. IS SAFE -  
FOR THE PRESENT.  
BUT, HOW LONG  
HE KEEPS  
HEALTHY,  
DEPENDS  
ON-YOU!

LET'S HAVE BONDS AND STAMPS GALORE  
AND STAMP THE ENEMY SOME MORE.



TED'S STORY  
CONTINUED

YOU JUST SAW  
ADAM SHOT -  
YOU KNOW  
JAYNE'S FATE! NOW! YOUR  
FATHER'S IN THE TOWER -  
IF YOU WANT  
HIM TO LIVE,  
YOU'LL DO  
JUST AS  
I SAY!

I-I-  
I'LL DO  
ANYTHING  
YOU SAY.

GOOD! NOW WE'LL MEET  
THIS DICK COLE, AND I  
WILL BE T.F. TODLEY TO  
HIM. COLE'S COMING  
FITS INTO MY PLANS,  
PERFECTLY..... BUT  
REMEMBER!-

ONE WORD, ONE SIGN OF  
WARNING TO COLE....  
YOUR FATHER FOLLOWS  
JAYNE - AND YOU TOO!

THAT'S THE STORY. YOU  
CAN SEE WHY I ACTED  
QUEERLY - WHY I COULD  
NOT TELL YOU, DICK...  
IT MEANT FATHER'S LIFE!

YOU POOR KID!  
BUT, LET'S GET  
GOING, AND RES-  
CUE YOUR DAD!

WHEN I WENT FOR FOOD,  
I SPIED ON THEM. THEY  
ARE TAKING THE COFFIN  
TO CANAL CITY SHORTLY.  
ONCE THEY LEAVE, THEN  
IS OUR CHANCE.

HM-M... OKAY!...  
TED, WHAT IS IN  
THAT COFFIN?  
YOU AREN'T -

SOMETHING, SOMEBODY.  
ALIVE! I SAW AN AIR  
HOLE BEING BORED  
AT THE HEAD!

IT BEATS ME!  
SAY, BEFORE I  
FORGET, LET'S  
TRUSS UP OUR  
SLEEPING FRIEND.

FIVE OCLOCK, AND  
THE BOYS DECIDE  
TO ACT. LEAVING  
THE BOUND MAN,  
THEY DESCEND  
THROUGH THE  
TRAP CLOSING IT  
AFTER THEM.

LET ME GO FIRST,  
DICK. I KNOW THE  
PASSAGE WAYS.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER.

A PANEL HERE OPENS ON  
THE TOWER STAIRS -

THEY MAY HAVE  
LEFT A GUARD. TED  
OPEN FAST- I'LL DO  
THE REST!

ALL RIGHT,  
DICK. READY-  
GO!



DICK SPRINGS, BUT THE LIGHT  
BLINDS HIM.



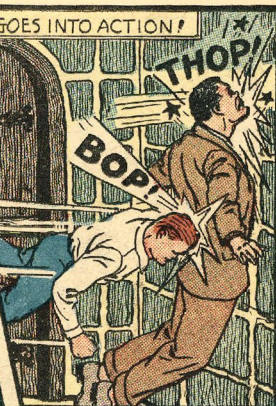
SOC!



TED GOES INTO ACTION!

THOP!

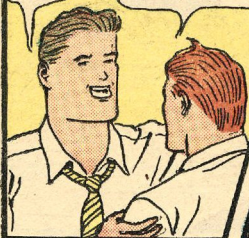
BOP!



STOUT FELLA!  
YOU FIGHT  
HIM!

LET'S  
GO!

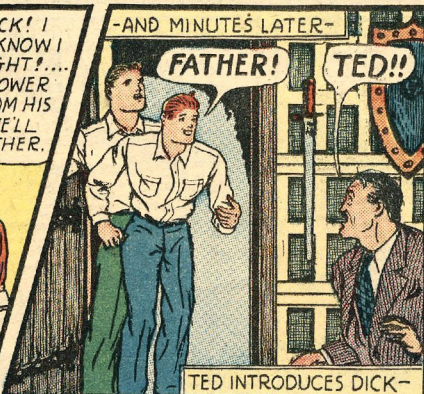
GEE, DICK! I  
DIDN'T KNOW I  
COULD FIGHT!...  
I'LL GET THE TOWER  
ROOM KEY FROM HIS  
POCKET AND WE'LL  
RESCUE FATHER.



-AND MINUTES LATER-

FATHER!

TED!!



TED INTRODUCES DICK-

AND HURRIEDLY  
OUTLINES THE  
RECENT EVENTS  
TO HIS FATHER.  
T.F. TODLEY  
COMES TO AN  
IMMEDIATE  
DECISION.

WE'LL PHONE  
THE MAINLAND  
AND HAVE THE  
SCOUNDRELS  
TAKEN  
INTO  
CUSTODY.



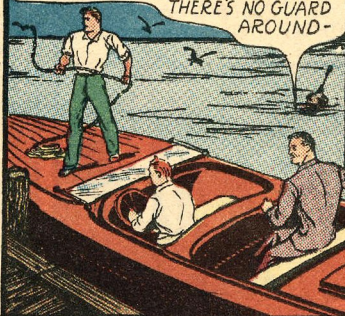
BUT, FATHER,  
THE WIRES  
HAVE BEEN  
CUT!

SIR, WHY CAN'T WE  
THREE TAKE THE  
SPEED BOAT  
AND GO  
AFTER  
THEM?

WE?! SPEED BOAT?  
BY HECTOR,  
WE'LL DO  
IT! COME  
ALONG,  
BOYS!

THEY REACH AND BOARD THE BOAT.

START HER, TED...CAST HER OFF, DICK.  
THERE'S NO GUARD  
AROUND-



OH, YE-AH? HÍST YER  
MITTS, YOU  
DOPES!









AN HOUR LATER. WELL, I GUESS YOU'RE T.F.

TODLEY, OKAY. NOW WHAT?

I WANT A SEARCH WARRANT TO OPEN THAT COFFIN, SERGEANT.

HEY, SARGE, THE FUNERAL'S AT 6:30

THIS A.M. THAT'S A SCREWY HOUR! SOMETHING'S SURE FISHY ABOUT IT!

THE SERGEANT PHONES THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

IT'S ALL SET. YOU HAVE A VERBAL WARRANT- THE WRITTEN ONE WILL BE DELIVERED AT THE CEMETERY. OFFICERS SMITH AND MOLA

WILL TAKE YOU OUT IN THE SQUAD CAR.

THEY ARE A TOUGH CREW, OFFICER. IT WILL BE BEST TO SURPRISE THEM.

OKAY, MR. TODLEY. WE'RE EARLY ENOUGH SO THAT WE CAN SET A TRAP-

GUIDED TO THE CRYPT BY THE REPORTER, THE PARTY DISPERSES AMONG THE TOMBSTONES AND SETTLES DOWN TO WAIT-

6:30 A.M. A HEARSE SLOWS TO A STOP- A SIMPLE COFFIN IS PLACED ON A TRUCK, AND IT IS TRUNDLED UP THE SLOPE LEADING TO THE CRYPT....

A WHISTLE SHRILLS.

ALL RIGHT, STAND BACK FROM THAT COFFIN! WE'RE GOIN' TO CHECK ON WHO'S IN IT!

TODLEY AND TED STAY HIDDEN BUT DICK SLIPS UP TO THE HEAD OF THE COFFIN.

TED TODLEY LIES IN THERE. HAVE YOU A WARRANT?

VERBAL? HAH! IT MUST BE WRITTEN!

I GOT A VERBAL WARRANT THE WRITTEN ONE'S ON ITS WAY HERE.

YOU'LL STAY PUT UNTIL IT ARRIVES.

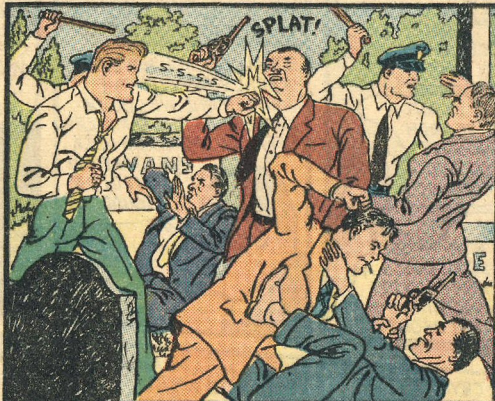
TEN MINUTES PASS

PRODUCE THE WARRANT OR I - ULP!

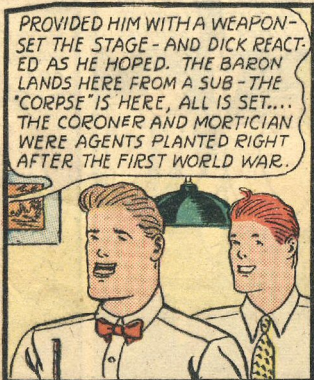
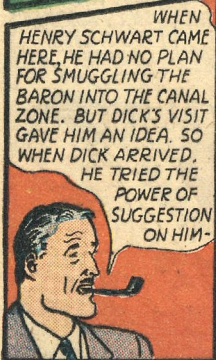
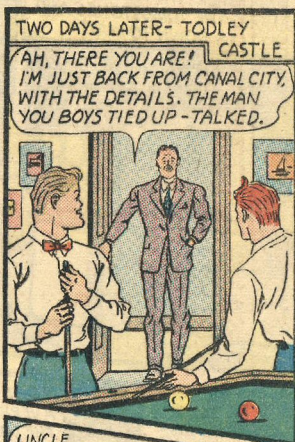
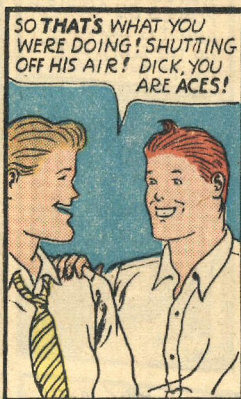
IT'LL BE - HEY! WHA- HOLY SMOKE! IT'S A LIVE CORPSE!

THUMP  
TOC!  
THUP





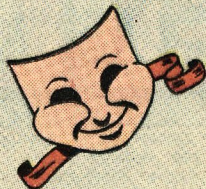
SCHWARTZ AND HIS MEN ARE OVERCOME JUST AS A SECOND POLICE CAR ARRIVES BEARING A SERGEANT WITH THE WARRANT. THE SITUATION UNDER CONTROL, THE COFFIN IS OPENED UP TO DISCLOSE



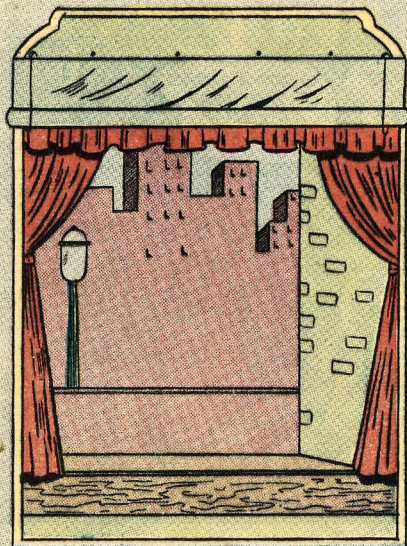
ALL THE TIN THAT YOU CAN SAVE  
WILL DIG THE JAP A DEEPER GRAVE.



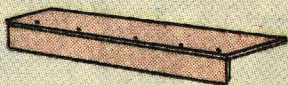
# EDISON BELL'S GADGET PAGE



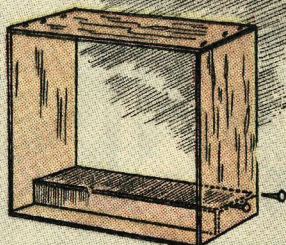
HEY, KIDS - - PUT YOUR FAVORITE COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS INTO ACTION ON YOUR OWN LITTLE STAGE. ACT OUT THE STORIES YOU ENJOY MOST! HERE'S HOW!



A WOODEN BOX ABOUT TWO FEET SQUARE IS NEEDED. REMOVE THE TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE BOX SO THAT ONLY THE FOUR SIDES OF THE FRAME REMAIN. FROM THIS WOOD BUILD A PLATFORM FOUR INCHES HIGH AND SIX INCHES WIDE. THESE SHOULD BE FASTENED WITH SMALL NAILS.



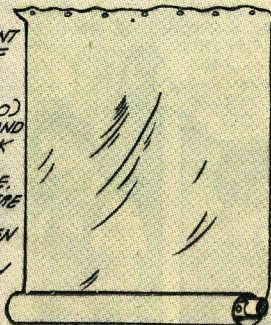
①



FASTEN STAGE TO FRAME WITH SMALL NAILS.

ASK MOM FOR A PIECE OF MUSLIN OR COLORED CLOTH TO COVER THE FRONT END OF BOX. TACK THE BOTTOM END TO A ROUND STICK (AN OLD BROOM HANDLE WILL DO). ALLOW CLOTH TO ROLL AROUND THE STICK ONCE, THEN TACK TO THE TOP END OF BOX. INSIDE, CLOSE TO THE EDGE, THIS WILL BE YOUR THEATRE CURTAIN. IF YOU USE WHITE CLOTH YOU MAY EVEN DECORATE THE CURTAIN BY DRAWING ON IT WITH WAX CRAYON.

②



AT EACH END OF THE TOP OF YOUR THEATRE TACK TWO STAPLES TO ACT AS GUIDES FOR YOUR ROLL CORDS.

③



THE FARMER NEEDS A HELPING HAND!  
PITCH IN AND BEAT THE AXIS BAND!



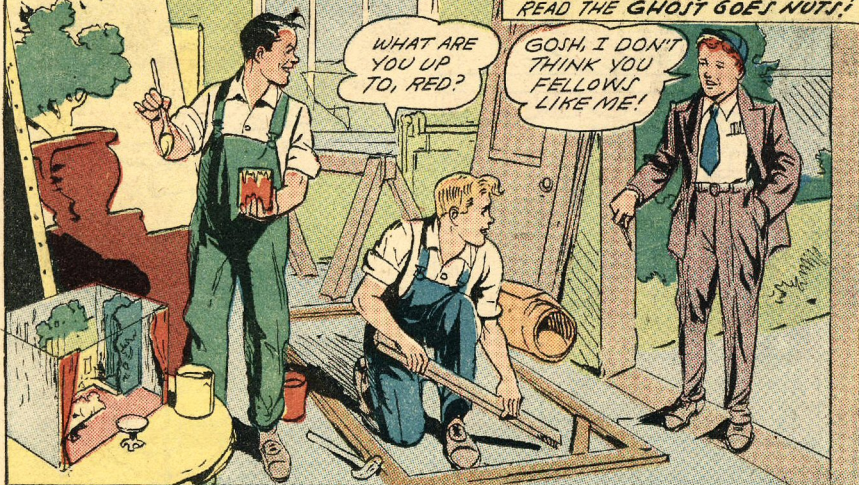
# Edison BELL

HERE COMES DEADLINE HARRY! THINK WE COULD GET HIM TO WORK?

EDDIE AND JERRY HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED TO BUILD THE SETS AND PROPS FOR THE PRODUCTION OF THEIR HIGH SCHOOL DRAMA CLUB SHOW-- ALL GOES WELL UNTIL -- WELL, READ THE GHOST GOES NUTS!

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, RED?

GOSH, I DON'T THINK YOU FELLOWS LIKE ME!



WELL, IT ISN'T EXACTLY THAT, RED, BUT--

I HAVE BAD NEWS, ALL RIGHT! WE CAN'T USE THE SCHOOL AUDITORIUM FOR OUR PLAY-- THE RED CROSS HAS TO HAVE IT!

JERRY'S RIGHT-- YOU USUALLY MEAN TROUBLE! WHAT'S WRONG NOW?

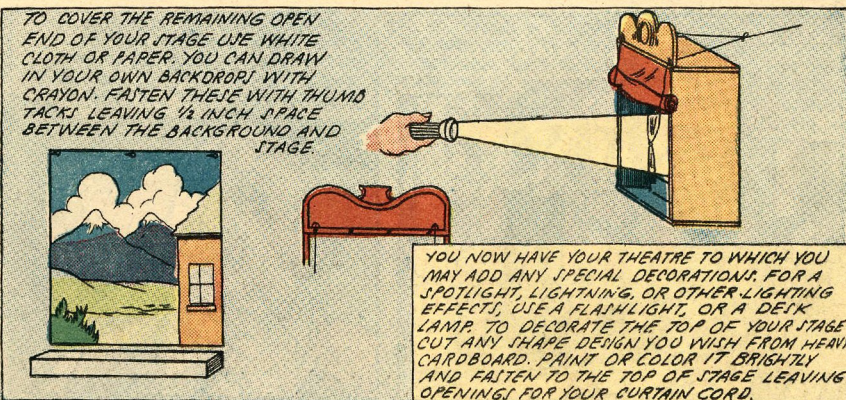
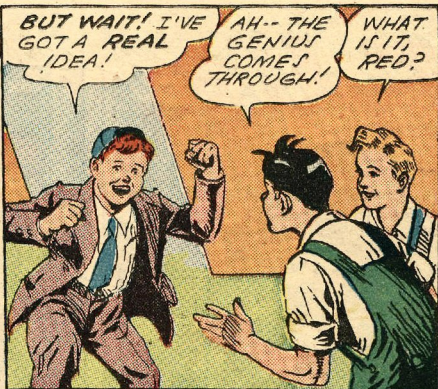
NUTS-- ONCE AGAIN WE ARE REMINDED THAT THERE'S A WAR ON!

HMM-- WE'LL JUST HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHERE ELSE WE CAN HAVE IT!

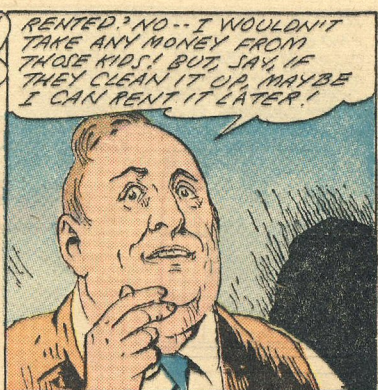
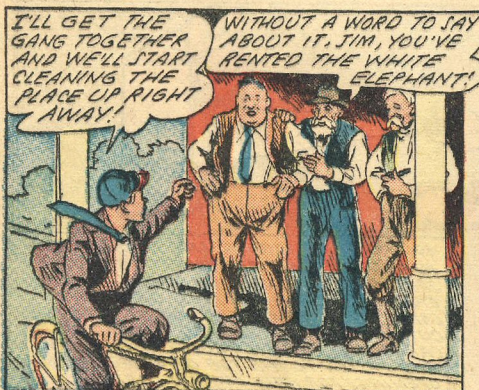
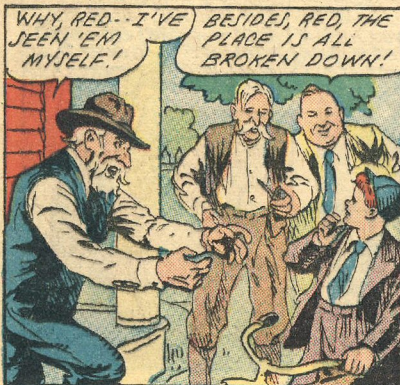
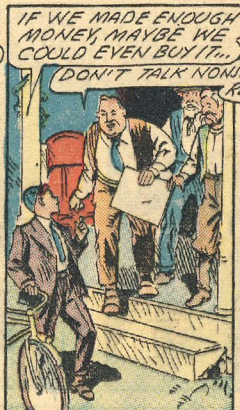
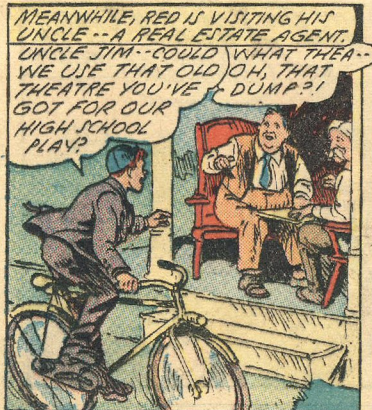
SO, NOW WHAT ABOUT THE PLAY?











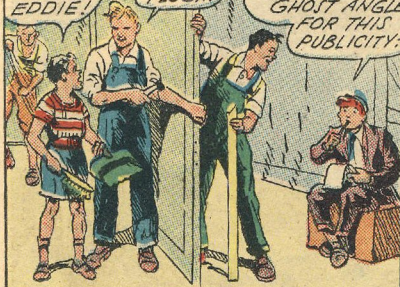


THE OLD THEATRE IS SOON READY FOR REHEARSALS --

THE SEATS ARE ALL CLEANED EDDIE!

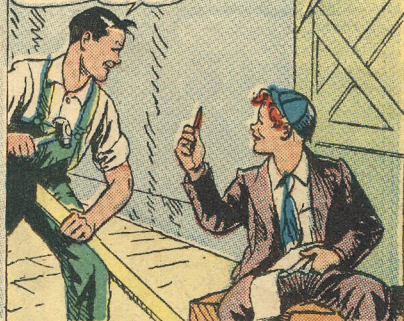
SWELL! OUR NEXT JOB IS TO SCRUB THE FLOOR.

JERRY, HAVE YOU ANY IDEAS ON HOW I CAN PLAY UP THAT GHOST ANGLE FOR THIS PUBLICITY?



ASK THE GHOSTS-- MAYBE THEY FEEL BRIGHT TODAY!

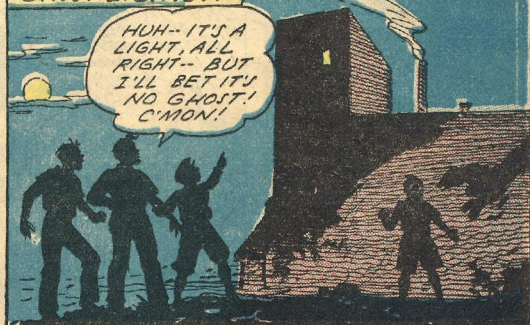
OH SURE, I-- HUH?!



MAYBE I'LL INTERVIEW A COUPLE OF THEM AT THAT! WHAT A STORY IT WOULD MAKE!



LATE THAT NIGHT, EDDIE AND JERRY ARE CALLED BACK TO THE THEATRE TO SEE -- GHOST LIGHTS!!

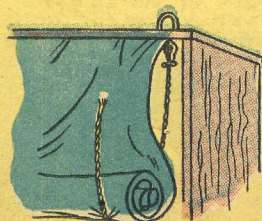


HUH-- IT'S A LIGHT, ALL RIGHT-- BUT I'LL BET IT'S NO GHOST! C'MON!

5

IF YOU HAVE CUT BOTH CORDS LONG ENOUGH YOU CAN THREAD THEM THROUGH THE GUIDES AND JOIN THEM TOGETHER. ANOTHER SINGLE CORD TIED AT THE JOINT WILL INSURE AN EVEN PULL AT THE CURTAIN. PULL THE CORD \* AND YOUR CURTAIN

WILL ROLL UP AND DOWN.

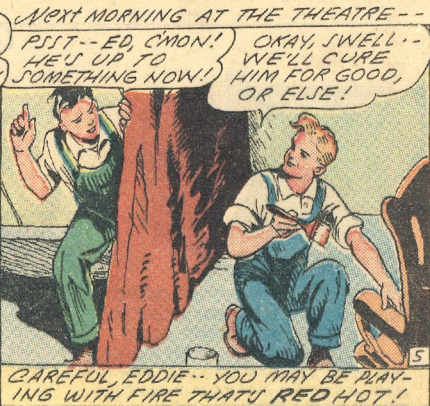
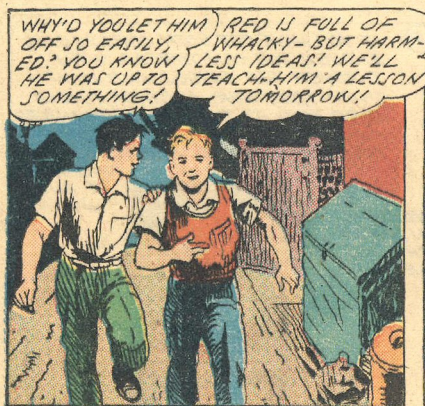


CUT TWO LONG PIECES OF STRONG CORD AND FASTEN THEM AT EACH END OF THE BOX BEHIND YOUR CURTAIN. THEN DRAW THEM DOWN THE FULL LENGTH OF YOUR CURTAIN AND BACK UP ON THE OUTSIDE, LOOSELY TO THE GUIDES.

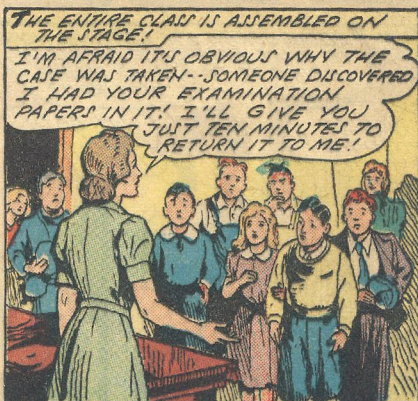
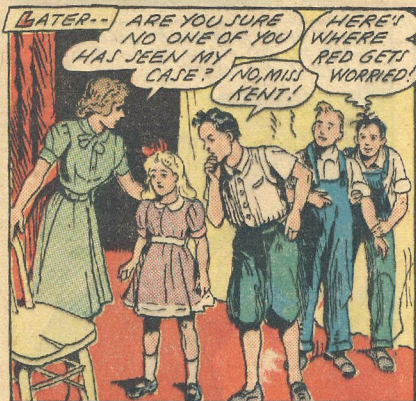
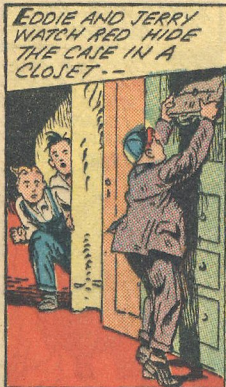
TO KEEP YOUR CURTAIN UP, FASTEN THE PULL CORD AT THE BACK OF THE STAGE OUT OF SIGHT!





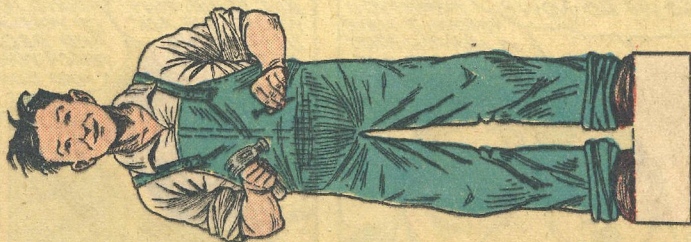




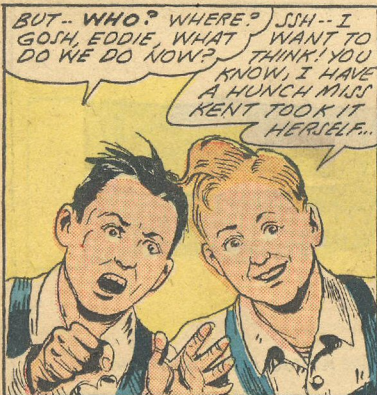
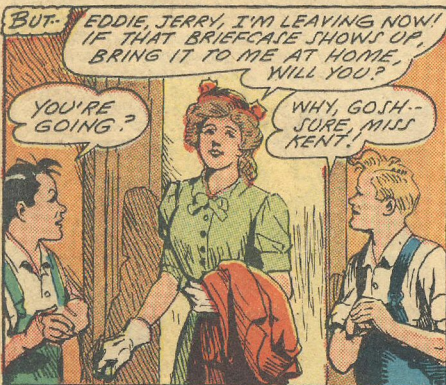
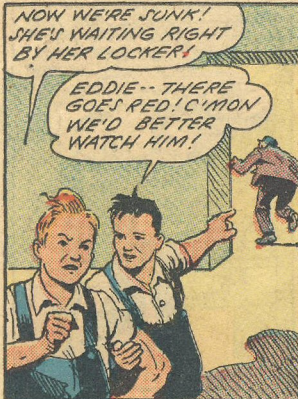


### NOW YOUR ACTORS!

CHOOSE YOUR FAVORITE COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS, CUT THEM OUT AND PASTE ON HEAVY CARDBOARD SO THEY WILL BE STIFF ENOUGH TO STAND. YOU MAY EITHER PASTE A CARDBOARD STAND TO THE BACK OF YOUR CUT-OUTS, OR TACK THEM TO THIN STICKS WHICH WILL FIT THROUGH THE SPACE BETWEEN THE STAGE AND THE BACKDROP. IN THIS WAY YOU CAN MOVE THEM ACROSS THE STAGE.







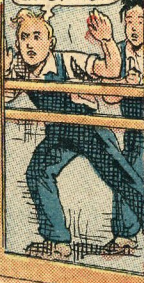


HOWEVER, AS THE TWO BOYS STAND AT THE DOOR--

YES, MR. TUGWELL-- IT'S A VERY SERIOUS OFFENSE AND I AGREE THAT THE RESPONSIBLE PERSON SHOULD BE EXPELLED!

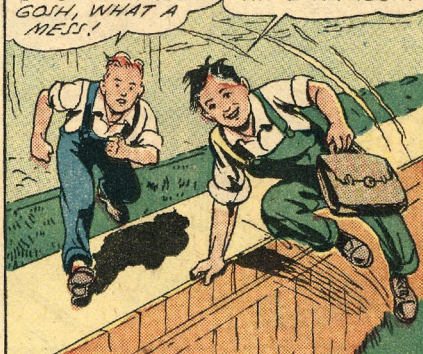


GO SH, JERRY, DID YOU HEAR THAT? WE'VE GOT TO KEEP QUIET NOW!



I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE THROWN OUT OF SCHOOL! GEE-- GO SH, WHAT A MESS!

HURRY UP EDDIE! I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA!



JERRY, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT BRIEFCASE?

STAGE ENTR

NEVER MIND! JUST HURRY-- WE'VE GOT TO PUT IT BACK!



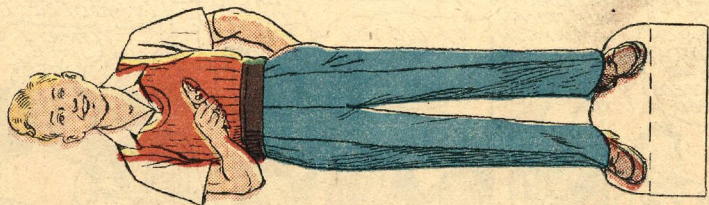
WE'LL LET RED FIND IT HERE AND CLEAR HIMSELF! HOW'S THAT?

WELL-- IT'S OKAY, I GUESS!

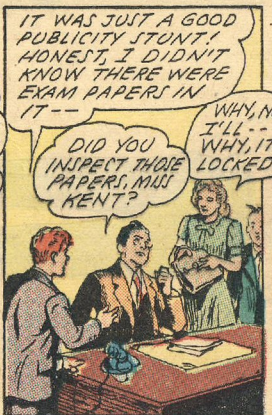
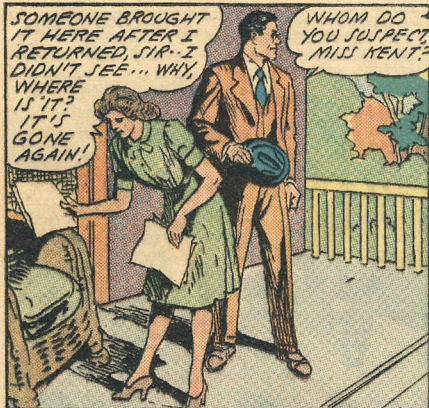


MEANWHILE-- MR. TUGWELL, I'M GLAD YOU CAME RIGHT OVER!

MISS KENT, ARE YOU CERTAIN THERE ISN'T SOME MISTAKE?







SAVING PAPER, EVERY SCRAP,  
WILL WIPE THE AXIS FROM THE MAP.



# Pilot

## NO. 13

**Z**R—OOM! The deep roar of an A-30 filled the air as it swung low over the airfield, coming in seconds later to a smooth landing. Andy Saunders, test pilot, alighted.

"Here she is, boys," he called to the ground crew. "The next one I fly will be for Uncle Sam."

The following morning, Andy entered the recruiting station.

"Your name?"

"Andy Saunders."

"Address?"

"Baltimore, Maryland."

"Age?"

"I'm nineteen, sir."

Sergeant Stimson glanced over his glasses.

"I've just signed up twelve for aviation. What's your choice?"

"I'll be number thirteen, sir—a pilot."

"Well, son, I hope you make it."

But he didn't make it. His eyes were not up to the Army requirements for a pilot. Nothing serious, Dr. Jones had said. Leaving the M.D.'s office, Andy walked slowly toward his barracks.

"Nothing wrong with my eyes — I'll show 'em — I don't know just how, but when the time comes, I'll show 'em," he mused.

\* \* \* \* \*

**E**IGHT months later, Andy was wounded while working with a ground crew on Guadalcanal. Three weeks he lay on a hospital cot and listened to the drone of the transport that was evacuating the wounded to the mainland. Now was his turn—he had recovered from his injuries and was now going to the mainland for a much-needed rest. The big plane had landed.

Lieutenant Boyle, the pilot, and Captain Conn alighted, going directly to Andy's superior officer, Captain Hill. They talked quietly a few minutes while the wounded were being loaded. The three then walked toward the plane. Andy overheard Lieutenant Boyle say to Captain Hill:

"I don't think it amounts to much— Wish I had time to have it checked, though."

"I agree with you, Lieutenant. It wouldn't be very pleasant if you developed engine trouble and had to set her down in the jungle."

Looking toward Andy, Captain Hill signaled.

"Yes, sir," said Andy, snapping to attention.

"I'm glad you're going on this trip, Saunders. That's all—go aboard."

It was like getting a new lease on life to Andy. His spirits rose with the plane. Looking down on the broken treetops, he thought of the air raid that had put him in the hospital.

"The dirty rats!" he said aloud. "With a lot of luck, some day I hope to pilot one of Uncle Sam's big jobs over the war plants in these shanty town, and there won't be one left."

**T**HE ship gave a sudden lurch and shuddered. A blinding rain surrounded them. They had run directly into a terrific thunder storm. Thirty minutes later, the big transport was hopelessly lost. Running into a clearing some time later, Lieutenant Boyle sighted what appeared to be a landing strip. Gas was running low, so he circled for a landing. Instantly they were caught in a hail of anti-aircraft fire. Two Zeros appeared on their left and cut loose with a barrage of fire that riddled the plane from cockpit to tail. Boyle took her up in the clouds and succeeded in losing the Zeros, but not before his own plane had suffered considerable damage.

"We'll have to make a landing," he warned. "I'll set her down as easy as possible."

\* \* \* \* \*

**S**OME minutes later, Andy opened his eyes. As his mind cleared, he recalled being thrown through the open cockpit door as the plane landed. He tried to raise himself, but the co-pilot was sprawled across him. As he was sinking back, he felt the weight lighten—someone was helping him. In the pale twilight he looked into the face of Lieutenant Boyle.

"Are you hurt, Saunders?" he mumbled.

"No, sir, I don't think so—my back hurts some, but that'll be O.K., thanks to you."

"How badly are we shot up, sir?"

"I'm not sure. Two engines went out and something's wrong in the instrument board," he answered weakly. Glancing over his left shoulder, he continued, "That wing looks like a sieve—might hold, though—have to be away from here by daybreak."

"Are there any casualties, sir?"

"I don't know, Saunders — will you look at Lieutenant Dods?"

Andy examined the co-pilot.



"He's dead, sir—a bullet hole in his left temple. If you'll give me a hand, sir, we'll move him inside."

Waiting a second, Andy glanced over his shoulder at Lieutenant Boyle. He was slumped down in his seat, blood oozing from a scalp wound.

Walking back in the plane for help, he found Captain Conn and the nurses administering sedatives. Stillwell, the radio operator, was in a dazed condition.

Returning to the cockpit, he and Captain Conn removed the two pilots. Lieutenant Boyle was still unconscious.

"With your permission, sir, I'll try and find out what condition the engines are in."

With the aid of a flashlight, Andy worked until near dawn. Getting stiffly to his feet, he wiped the sweat from his face with his arm. Turning, he saw Captain Conn watching him.

"How're you making out, soldier?"

"Everything's in order, I believe, sir. I fixed a short to the instrument board and mended a busted oil line. Now, if we can get her into the air and the gas holds out—we might take her in."

"What do you mean—we? Don't you know a plane needs a pilot, and Lieutenant Boyle is still out?"

"Yes, sir, I know, and with your permission, I—"

"You—you're not a pilot?"

"No, sir—that is, not an Army pilot, but I was a test pilot at Barton's Bomber Plant. I can take one apart and put it together again."

"Why are you grounded, then?"

"When I enlisted, Doctor Jones said my eyes wouldn't pass me at that time—nothing serious—he suggested eating raw carrots."

"Doctor Edward Jones told you that?"

"Yes, sir."

"I know that old vegetarian," laughed Captain Conn. "He's one of the best, even if he does talk a lot about carrotene. If you can get us away from here, go to it. Those fellows in there need attention as quickly as they can get it."

\* \* \* \* \*

IN THE first brightness of dawn, they examined the island. Returning to the plane, Captain Conn remarked:

"That's not a bad makeshift runway, Saunders. One thousand feet over sand and wind-swept lava before you reach that drop to the sea."

"Not too bad, sir."

\* \* \* \* \*

CLIMBING back of the control wheel, Andy touched the switches on the overhead switchboard. One by one the engines roared into action. His heart was pounding—now was his chance. Easing the plane over a rough spot, he taxied to the end of the "runway," turned the ship, then sped jerkily forward. Luckily for him, there was a head wind. For a few seconds he didn't think he would be able to get off the ground. Closing his eyes, he waited. There was a throbbing in his ears as he felt the ship roar into space. Climbing above the clouds, Andy turned her nose due south and headed for Australia.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE sun was well up in the sky when he noticed the gas gauge registered nearly empty. Dropping about 200 feet, he looked for a place to land.

"Captain Conn to pilot—Captain Conn to pilot," came over the earphone.

"Pilot to Captain Conn—go ahead, sir."

"Keep a close watch, Saunders. We should be near our destination."

"Thank you, sir. That's what I wanted to hear."

Andy sighted the airfield just ahead and glided down to a rather bumpy landing. He immediately alighted. At the same time, a jeep, followed by an ambulance, pulled up alongside.

Deeply excited, he did not at first see the officer who now stood beside him.

"At ease, Saunders," the General said. "Your message that you were coming in was quite a surprise—a fine piece of work you've done."

Andy snapped to attention as the officer departed. Then a broad grin spread over his face.

"That Captain Conn was a swell guy, sending that messag—"

THE following day, he was ordered to headquarters.

"Private Saunders reporting, sir."

Major-General Price stepped from behind his desk.

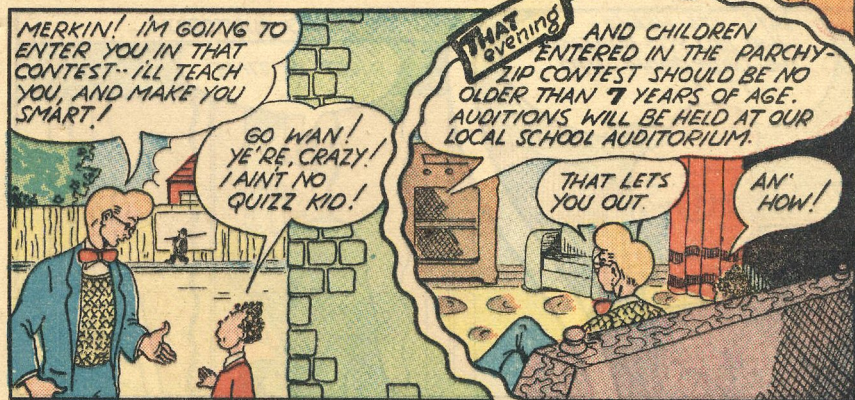
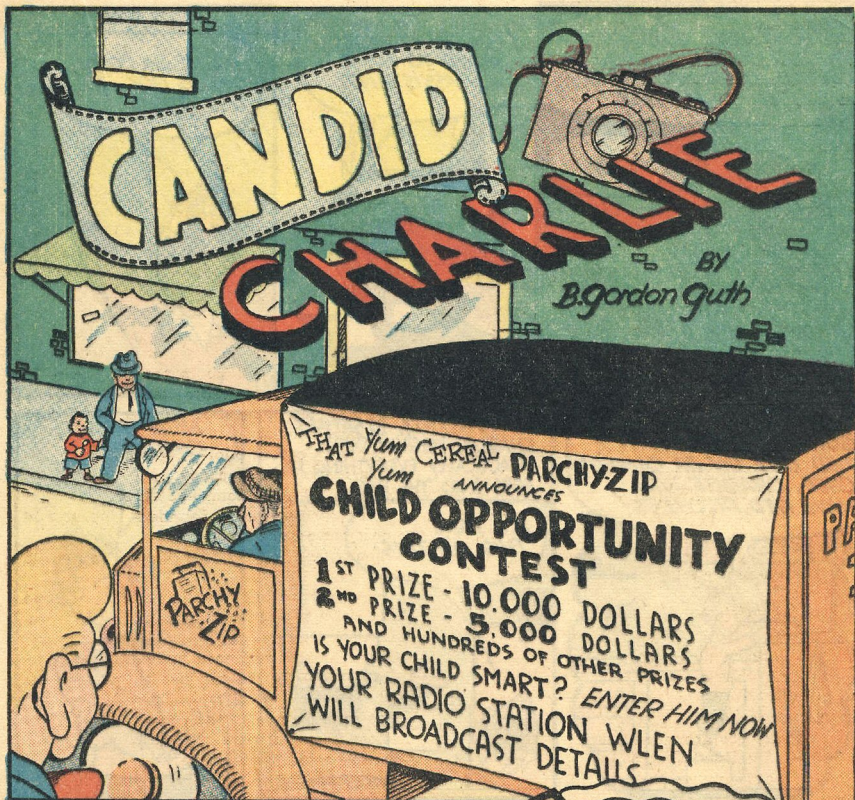
"Private Saunders, your act is unprecedented as far as I know. However, as your commanding officer, I cannot but admire the spirit that impelled it. I understand Doctor Edward Jones examined you when you enlisted."

"Yes, sir, he did."

"He is here with us now—report to him at once. He thinks it probable that you've eaten enough carrots."

THE END





LETTUCE BEET THE AXIS WAR  
WITH VICTORY GARDENS BY THE SCORE.



Next day

MERKIN! LET'S GO OVER TO THE SCHOOL. GO DOWN THE CELLAR, LOAD MY CAMERA AND FILL UP MY BAG.

RIGHT!

GOSH! IT FEELS GOOD TO HAVE AN ASSISTANT.

IN CHARLIE'S DARKROOM.

I LIKE DA COLOR OF DIS BOX. I'LL USE IT.

WOW! LOOKIT DAT PRETTY GLASS! I'M GONNA PUT A RED ONE ON DA CAMERA-CHEE. CHARLIE WILL HAVE RED DITCHERS!

IN HIS ANXIETY TO SATISFY CHARLIE, MERKIN PUTS PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING HE SEES INTO THE BAG.

I'LL TAKE THIS, AN THIS:

HERE YA ARE, CHARLIE!

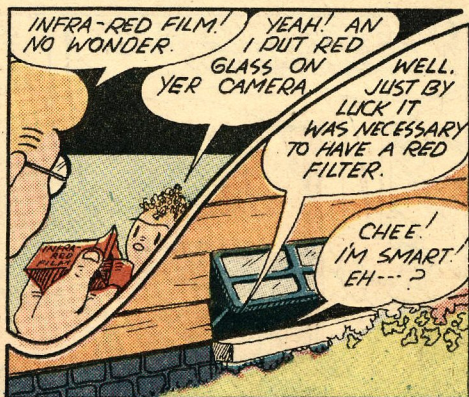
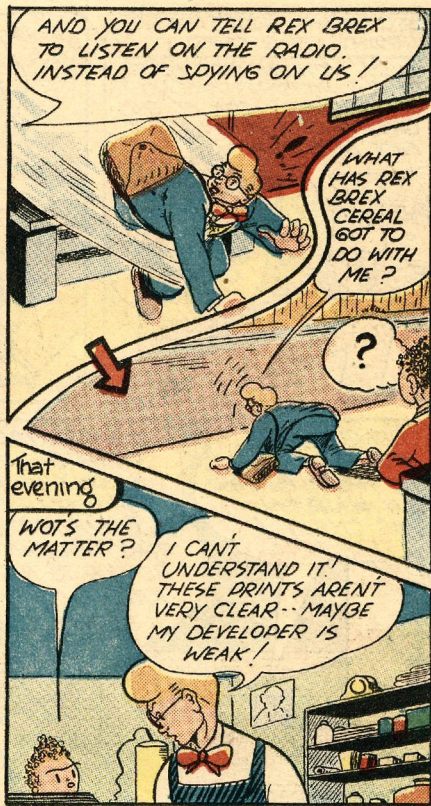
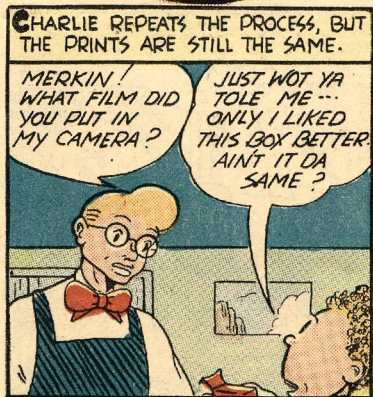
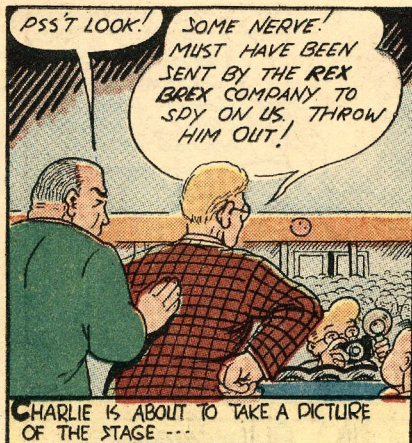
SAY! IT'S HEAVY- WHAT DID YOU DO--EMPTY THE DARKROOM INTO IT?

AT THE SCHOOL ALIDITORIUM.

JUST IN TIME.

PARCHY-21  
CONTEST







NEXT MORNING AFTER THE PRINTS HAVE DRIED.

EVEN WITH THE RED FILTER, THESE PICTURES ARE NO GOOD! - SAY! LOOK AT THIS ONE -- BLOTCHES ON THE FACE AND CHEST!

MAYBE THE KID'S GOT HAIR ON HIS CHEST!

M-M-M-M-

LISTEN TO THIS, MERKIN! INFRARED PENETRATES CAMOUFLAGE. HAS BEEN USED IN CRIME DETECTION AND SO ON.

IDEA!

CHARLIE! DAT WUZ NO KID! HE HAD A BEARD AN' HAIR ON HIS CHEST!

GOSH! MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! IT COULD'VE BEEN A MIDGET! THERE'S A CIRCUS IN TOWN. THAT WOULDN'T BE FAIR TO THE KIDS!!

A FEW DAYS LATER

IT'S THE MIDGET!

**lensville**  
WEATHER  
WINNER OF A  
FIRST PRIZE AWARD  
7 YEAR OLD THOMAS  
10,000 DOLLARS  
STATION WHEN WILL  
IS CONSIDERED THE  
OF THE COUNTRY  
MONEY TO  
LOCAL CLUBS

COME ON, MERKIN! LET'S GO OVER TO THE BROADCASTING STATION AND EXPOSE THIS GUY!

CHEE! 10,000 BUCKS! DAT'S BIG DOUGH FOR A LITTLE MAN!

LOOK AT THAT PICTURE! DOESN'T IT PROVE THE WINNER IS A FAKE? IT'S A MIDGET FROM THE CIRCUS!

?



ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME WE MADE A MISTAKE AND GAVE THE PRIZE TO A MIDGET? YOU'RE CRAZY! WHY DON'T YOU LEARN HOW TO TAKE PICTURES? LOOK AT THIS--ALL SMUDGED UP!

BUT, I ER--

DA, NOIVE OF 'EM THROWIN' YA OUT!-- LEMME AT 'EM!

TAKE IT EASY-- WE'RE NOT THROUGH YET!

I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE PARCHY-ZIP PEOPLE, BUT I'D LIKE TO SEE THE KIDS OF LENSVILLE GET A BREAK. LET'S GO OVER TO THE CIRCUS.

CHARLIE AND MERKIN ARRIVE AT THE CIRCUS.

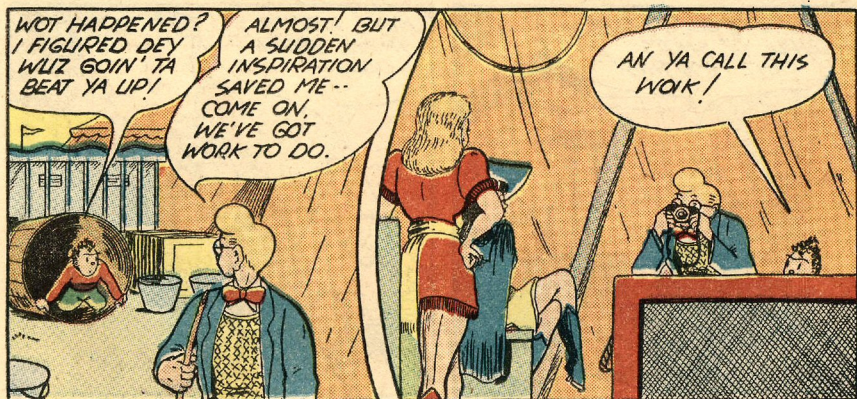
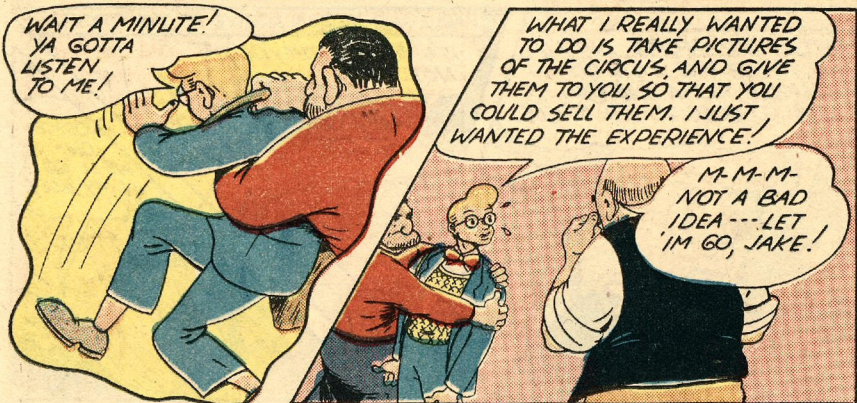
IT'S EARLY. THEY'RE NOT OPEN.

COME ON-- WE'LL GO IN MY WAY.

GOSH! I'VE GOT TO TAKE A COUPLE OF SHOTS. I CAN'T MISS THIS!

HEY! NOT DA YA THINK YOU'RE DOIN'?









THESE ARE THE  
MIDGET QUARTERS.

SO DIS IS  
WHERE DA  
LITTLE RUNT  
LIVES.

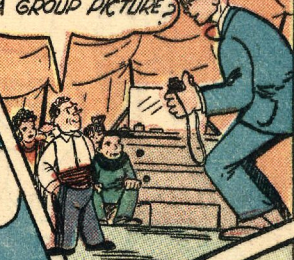
CHARLIE STEPS IN, AND  
INTRODUCES HIMSELF.



HI, YA! I'M CANDID  
CHARLIE. I'M TAKING  
PICTURES OF THE  
CIRCUS FOR YOUR  
BOSS.

ARE YOU TAKING  
A GROUP PICTURE?

NO, ONE  
AT A TIME.



AFTER CHARLIE LEAVES.

NOW, I KNOW WHERE I SAW  
THAT GUY WITH THE CAMERA!  
IN THE SCHOOL-- I DON'T LIKE  
THIS-- I'M GONNA FOLLOW  
HIM.

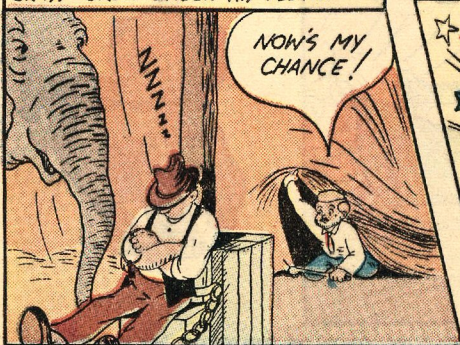


CHARLIE! DAT  
LITTLE GUY YOU  
TOOK LAST WUZ  
THE WINNER  
OF THE CONTEST!

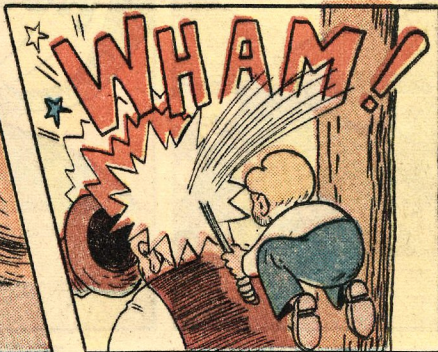
YES, HE'S  
THE ONE!  
NOW I HAVE  
REAL PROOF!



THE LITTLE MAN DOESN'T LET ANY  
GRASS GROW UNDER HIS FEET...



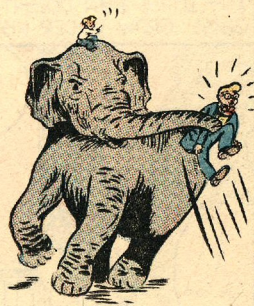
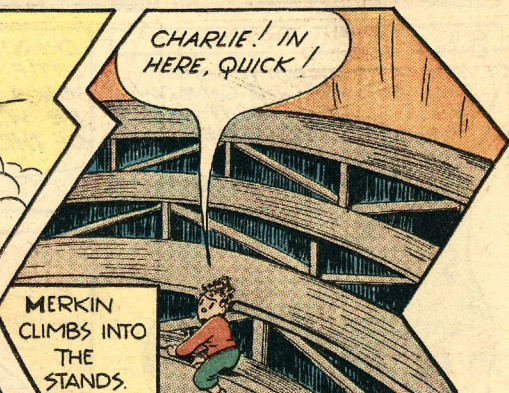
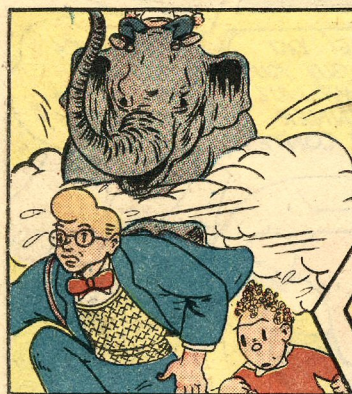
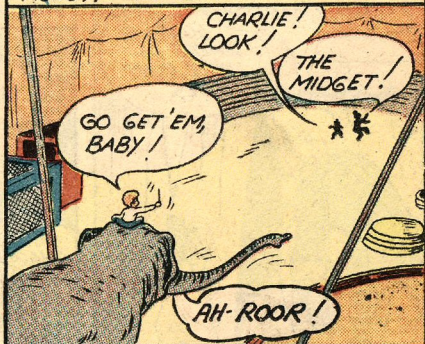
NOW'S MY  
CHANCE!



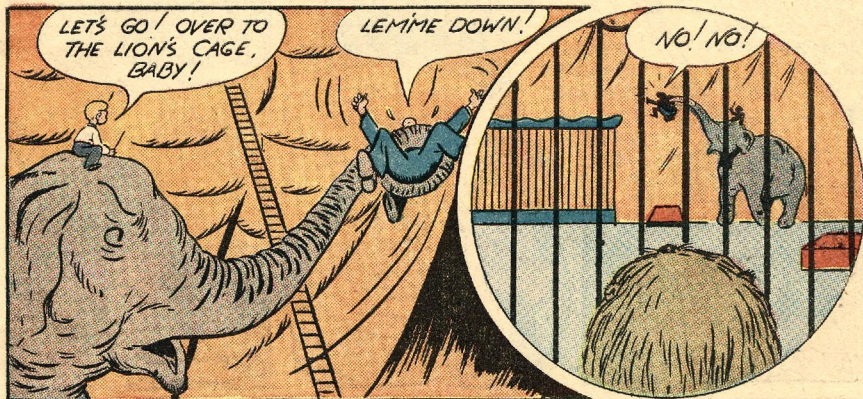




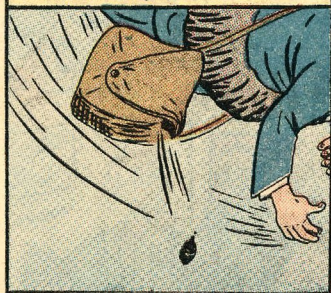
AND AS CHARLIE AND MERKIN WALK ACROSS THE RING.



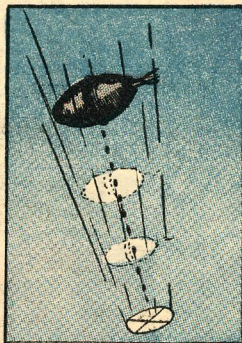




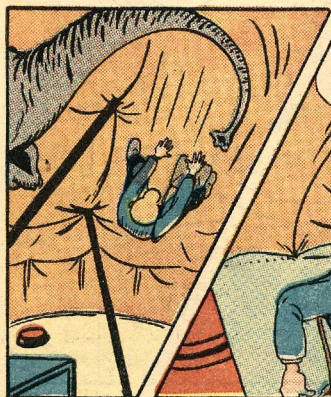
AS THE ELEPHANT TWISTS CHARLIE AROUND.



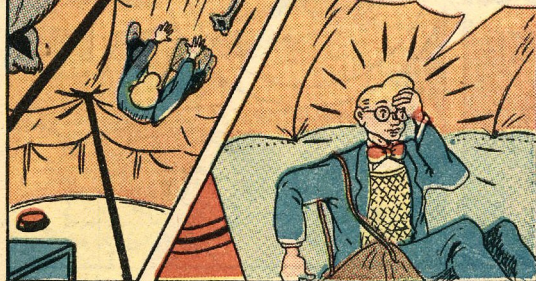
A SMALL OBJECT DROPS FROM HIS BAG...



FALLS TO THE GROUND AND BOUNCES.



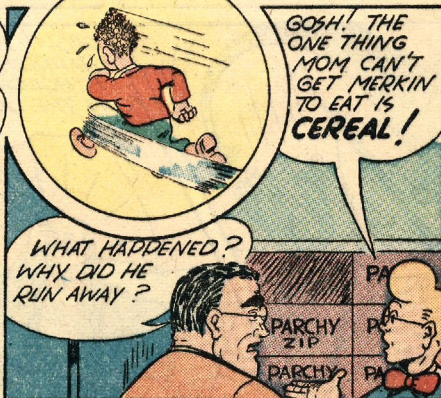
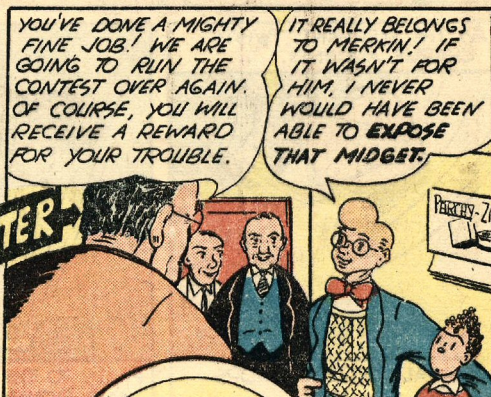
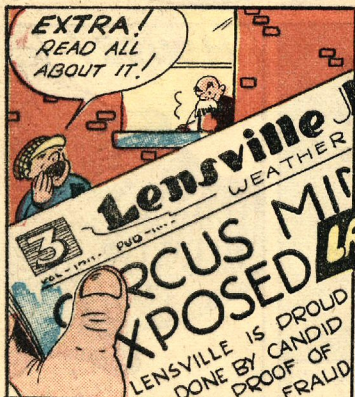
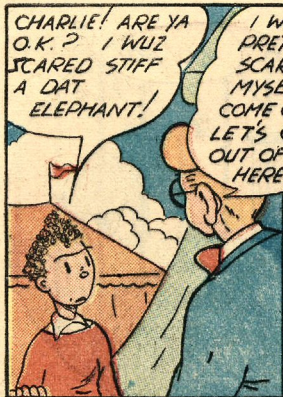
GOSH! WHAT HAPPENED?  
I THOUGHT I WAS  
IN THE LION'S CAGE



**THIS RUBBER LENS CLEANER!** THE ELEPHANT MUST HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS A MOUSE - NO WONDER HE DROPPED ME AND RAN!



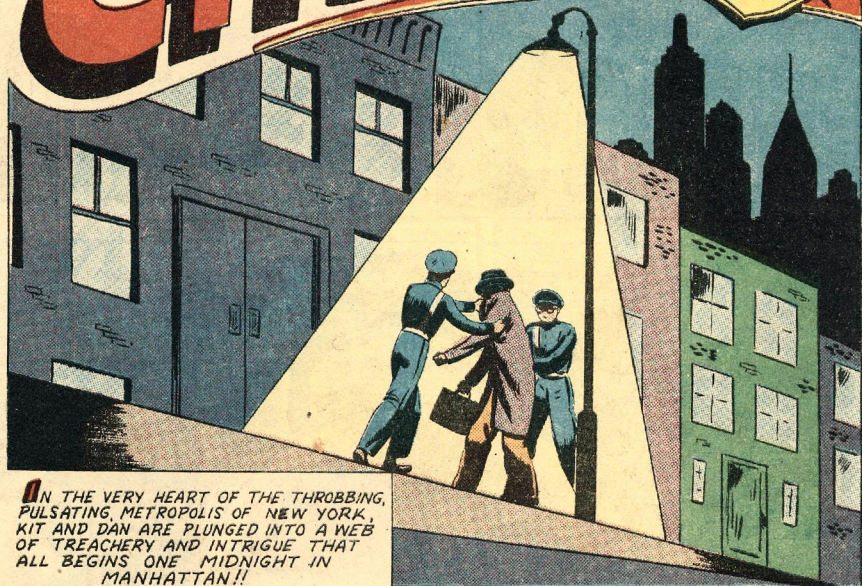




SHOW THE RASCALS THEY CAN'T WIN BY SAVING PAPER, FAT AND TIN.



# The CADET



**I**N THE VERY HEART OF THE THROBBING, PULSATING, METROPOLIS OF NEW YORK, KIT AND DAN ARE PLUNGED INTO A WEB OF TREACHERY AND INTRIGUE THAT ALL BEGINS ONE MIDNIGHT IN MANHATTAN!!

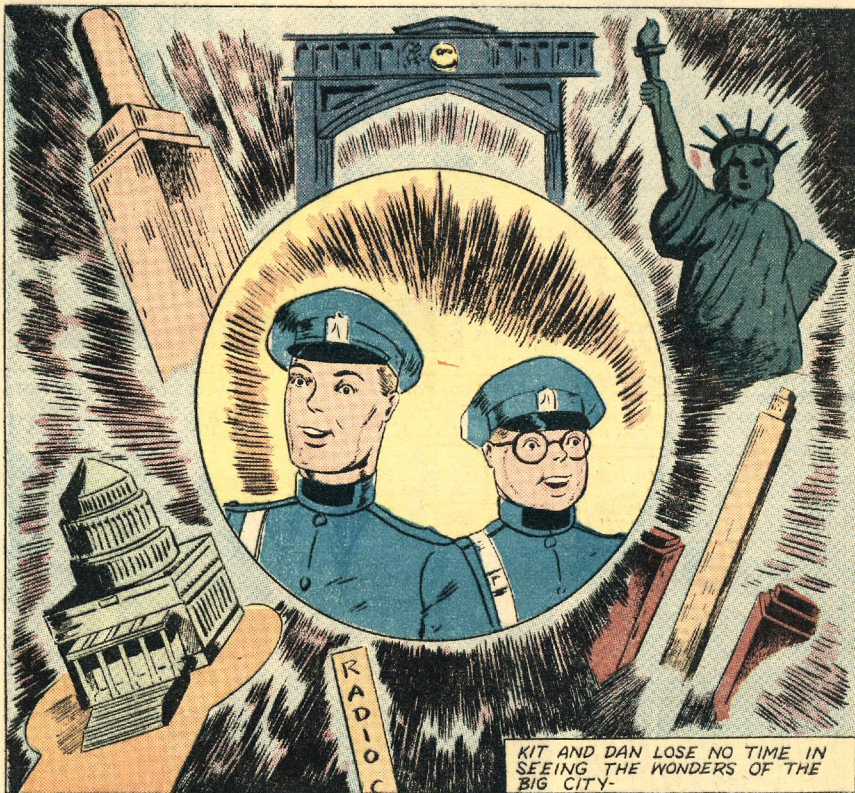
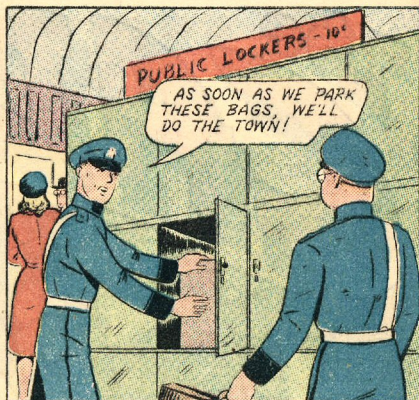
DAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY...



**ENEMY GENERALS, DON'T LOOK NOW.  
YOUR SHOW IS SLIPPING. YES, AND NOW!**



THE FOLLOWING DAY-- NEW YORK!



QUESTION No. 10. What building is represented in the lower left of the large picture on this page?



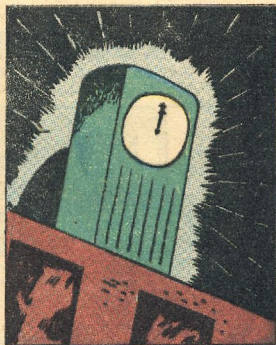
LATE THAT NIGHT....

GOSH, KIT-RADIO CITY SURE IS SOME PLACE!

RIGHT, DAN! THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND! LET'S CUT THROUGH THIS SIDE STREET--

RADIO CITY MUS

LOOK AT THAT CLOCK! IT'S LATE!



-AS KIT AND DAN PASS-- THE CLOCK CHIMES TWELVE-- MIDNIGHT-- THEN SUDDENLY----

LISTEN, DAN! IT'S COMING FROM THAT STREET!

HELP! DON'T LET TH--

C'MON, DAN!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

THEY'VE GOT SOMEONE IN THE SEAT OF THAT CAR!

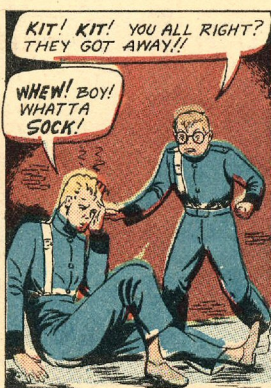
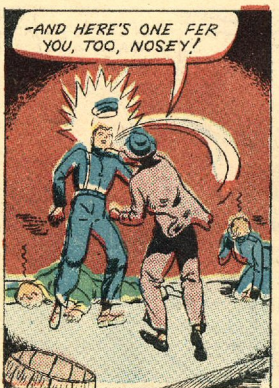
HURRY, KIT-- THEY'LL GET AWAY!

JUMP, DAN!

PUFF-PUFF-- OKAY-- PUFF!



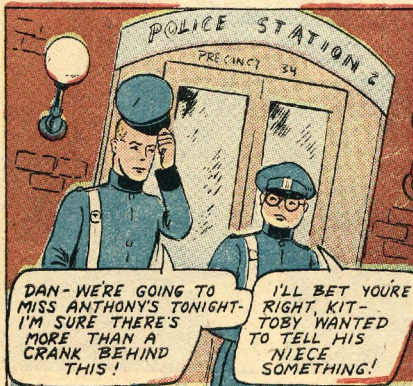
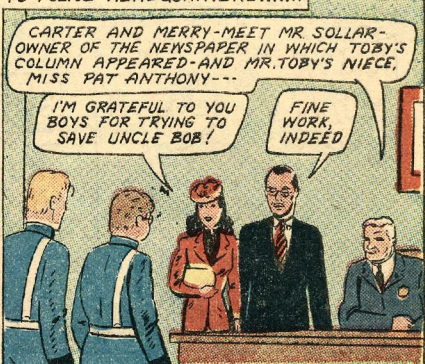
-IN THE LOWER PART OF THE CITY, THE CAR  
FINALLY HALTS.....



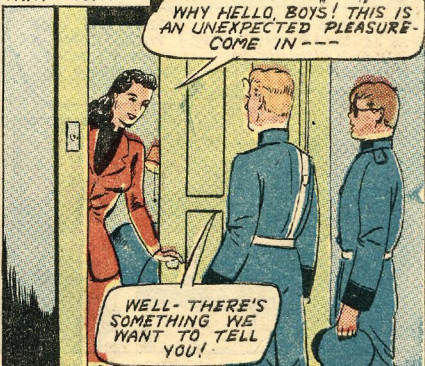




THE NEXT DAY-KIT AND DAN ARE SUMMONED TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS.....



THAT NIGHT--







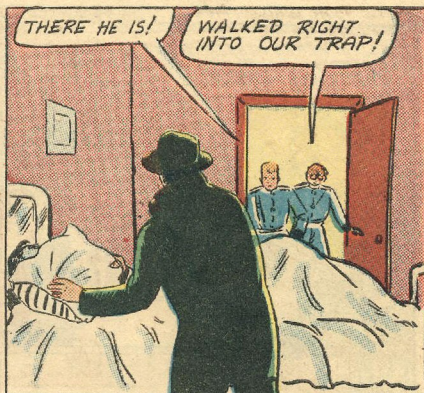
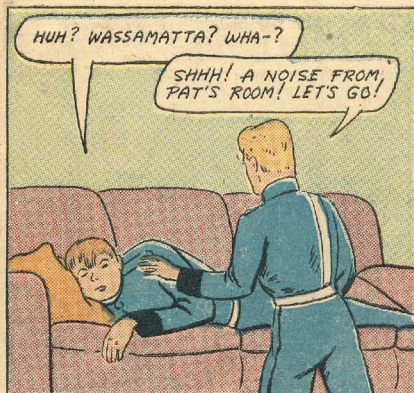
THAT NIGHT-THE BOYS PREPARE THEIR TRAP....



-A FEW HOURS LATER.....









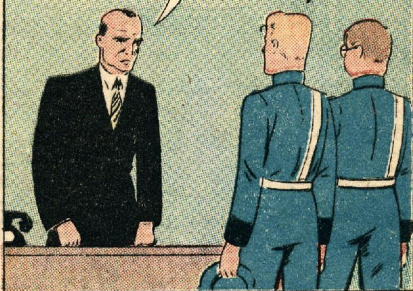
IN THE LAWYER'S OFFICE....

YES, I'M HENRY MEEKER--TOBY'S LAWYER--BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T HELP YOU... I ACCEPT THE POLICE VERDICT.....



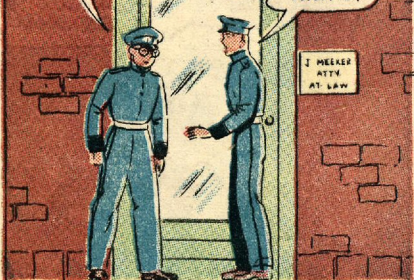
IT WAS JUST THE WORK OF A CRANK--NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME--I'M VERY BUSY--

ALL RIGHT--THANK YOU FOR THE INTERVIEW--



KIT--I'M GOING TO SHADOW MEEKER--THAT ADHESIVE ON HIS FACE IS SUSPICIOUS..... SEE YOU BACK AT PAT'S---

GOOD IDEA! I'M GOING OVER TO SEE MR. SOLLAR, I THINK WE SHOULD TELL HIM OF OUR SUSPICIONS, PRONTO!



WHERE'S MR. SOLLAR?

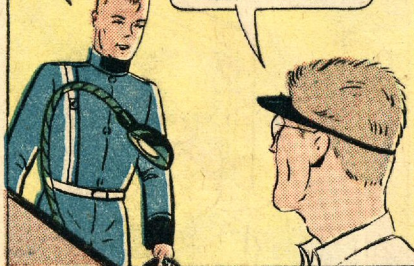
I DON'T KNOW--TRY THE PRESS ROOM.....



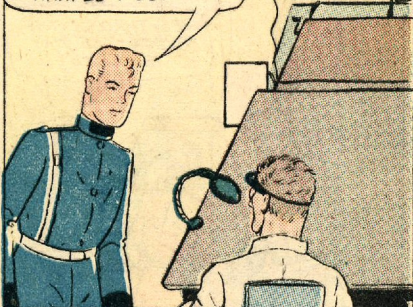
IN THE PRESS ROOM, KIT SEEKS THE PUBLISHER...

SAY, HAVE YOU SEEN MR. SOLLAR?

HE JUST STEPPED OUT--SAY! AIN'T YOU ONE OF THE FELLOWS THAT FOUND BOB TOBY? I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT NIGHT!

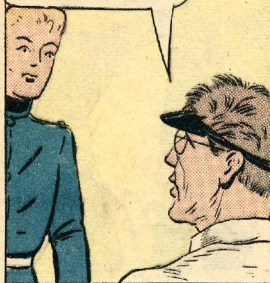


YES, I AM--I'VE GOT TO WARN MR. SOLLAR ABOUT MR. MEEKER AND TELL HIM THAT TOBY'S PAPERS ARE SAFE WITH PAT---WHAT'LL I DO?





IT WAS EXACTLY FIVE MINUTES TO TWELVE WHEN MR SOLLAR CAME IN AND SAID TO ME - TOM, SET UP A HEADLINE - BOB TOBY'S JUST BEEN KILLED! AH, IT WAS A TRAGEDY!



SAY THAT AGAIN! ARE YOU SURE IT WAS FIVE TO TWELVE?

SURE, I'M SURE! I HAD JUST SET MY WATCH BY THAT CLOCK ON THE WALL - NAVAL OBSERVATORY TIME!



GOOD GRIEF! TOBY WASN'T KILLED UNTIL TWELVE O'CLOCK! IT WAS EXACTLY MIDNIGHT WHEN WE HEARD HIM YELL!



KIT DASHES OUT TO PAT'S SO THEY CAN SAVE TOBY'S PAPERS FROM SOLLAR...



HOLD YOUR PRESSES! - THERE'S GOING TO BE A BIG STORY IN A LITTLE WHILE!

?



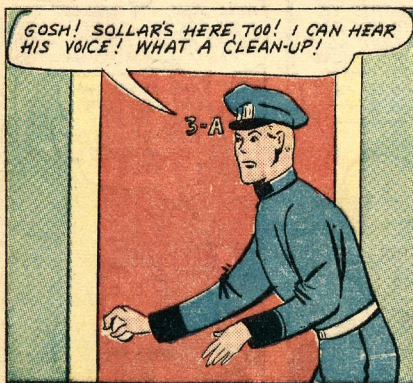
SO - WHAT ABOUT IT?

DON'T YOU SEE? HOW COULD SOLLAR HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THE CRIME FIVE MINUTES BEFORE IT HAPPENED - UNLESS---

PAT AND DAN ARE CORNERED....



C'MON! HAND OVER THOSE PAPERS!

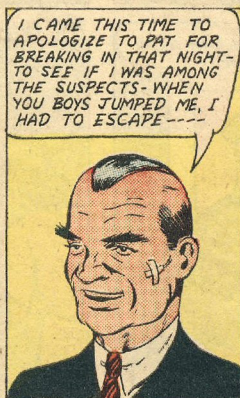
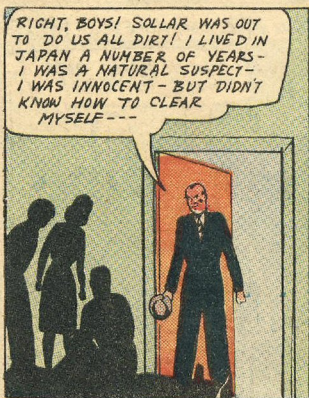
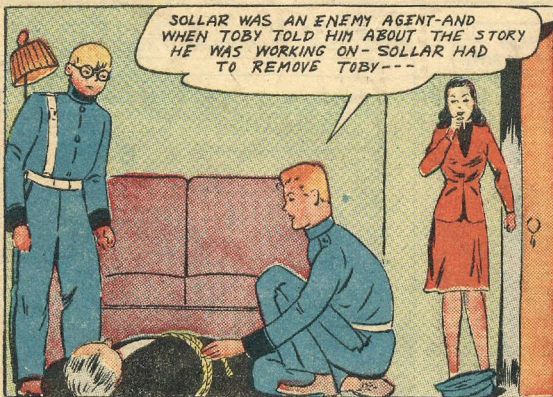
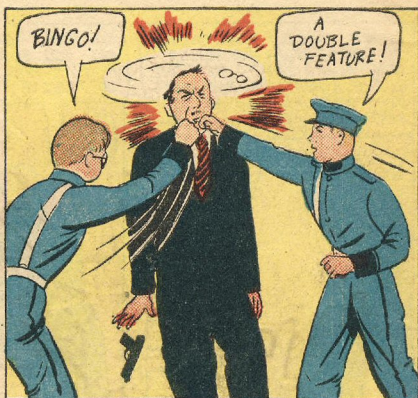
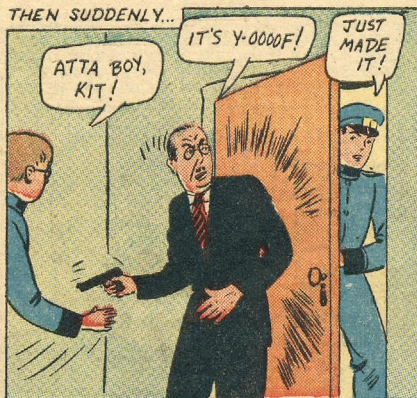


GOSH! SOLLAR'S HERE, TOO! I CAN HEAR HIS VOICE! WHAT A CLEAN-UP!

3-A



THEN SUDDENLY...



**SLAP THE JAP BY SAVING SCRAP!**



# FREE

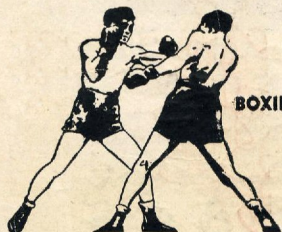
with this offer!



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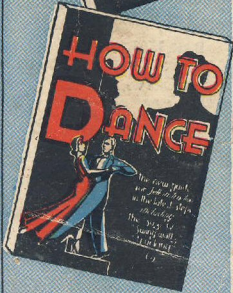
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# DON'T BE A LEFT-OVER

teach yourself to  
**Dance**  
only 15 minutes a day



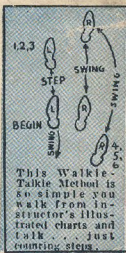
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